McKean County Miner.

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McKEAN CO. FAIR & RACES GREAT SUCCESS

A Great Day's Sport Yesterday and a Big Crowd.

TO-DAY WILL BE THE BANNER DAY.

Good Races and a Large Crowd Mark First Day's Sport—To-day is the Big Day—A Record Breaking Crowd is Expected.

Fair weather and good crowds have thus far marked the advent of the Second Annual McKean County Fair and Races and with to-day and to-morrow pleasant the fair cannot help making this the red letter week in the history of Smethport.

All day Tuesday was spent in making the final arrangements for the fair proper. Horses, cattle, sheep, and all kinds of live stock as well as farm products and all kinds of other exhibits kept pouring in until this morning, and now there is as fine display along these lines as could possibly be asked for.

Yesterday was Grangers Day and early in the morning rigs from all over the county commenced coming in, bearing the sturdy granger and the honest tiller of the soil with their respective families to such an extent that there were thousands of people on the grounds by noon.

Elisha K. Kane in a few brief words introduced Hon. Homer L. Castle, who opened his remarks at 1:30 to a large and attentive audience. Mr. Castle said various things in regard to the old parties' candidates which were not very complimentary, among them being the cold fact that: "If there is anything worse than a rascal he is the rascal who wears the garb of a reformer." Mr. Castle's speech lasted just 30 minutes and received hearty applause.

The first race was the 2:22 pace with a purse of $300. It finished as follows:

2:22 PACE. PURSE $300.

Kitty Knox, by Billy Knox, John Powers, Elmira, N. Y.	1	1	1
Joe Wilkes, by Roy Wilkes, Wm. Cobb, Spring Mills, N. Y.	2	2	2
Jack H., by Fred Wilkes, Ed Breese, Elm Valley, N. Y.	3	3	3

Time: 2:23¼, 2:23½, 2:19¼.

The second race was the 2:23 trot for a purse of $300. The result follows:

2:23 TROT. PURSE $300.

Ausberg, by Austral, Wm Cobb, Spring Mills, N. Y.	1	1	1
Major R., by Lord Russell, E. Neasmith, Cuba, N. Y.	2	2	3
Ouricon, by Heir-at-Law, R. H. Grimes, Franklinville, N. Y	3	3	2

Time: 2:28½, 2:28, 2:25.

The third race was the half mile running race, best 2 in 3 heats for a purse of $100 and was as pretty as was ever run in this section. Gladys McConnell won by a scant nose amid the cheers of the crowd. It is understood that some of the owners of the other horses objected to the decision but they had no reason to complain for although the margin was small she won the race fairly and was entitled to the decision. Following is how they finished:

½ MILE RUN. PURSE $100.

Gladys McConnell, O. A. Crandall, Buffalo, N. Y.	1	1
Miss Gunn, Otto Date, Oil City, Pa.	2	2
Severe, H. Clark, Niagara Falls, Ont.	3	3
Program, Pearl Ferguson, Fort Erie	4	4

Time: :51, :51¼.

The farmers race, best 2 in 3 half mile heats, for a purse of $25 to winner was the fourth race on the program and probably created more excitement than all the others put together. Interest has been at fever heat for some time past and some of the horses and drivers have been trained down to fighting weight. All of the owners drove their own horses except Frank Sherburne and he was so busy taking care of the prize cattle that he did not know his race was on so "Hick" Pratt, the versatile comedian and care-taker of Honest Dan was elected to hold the ribbons over "Buttermilk," the now famous pacer of the Pleasant Valley Dairy farm. Previous to this "Hick" has been satisfied to groom and care for the noble steeds and "Buttermilk" has been contented with plain farm life but now that both have so suddenly sprung into fame it is hard to tell what their finish may be. "Hick" made "Buttermilk" take the first heat easily and captured the race by finishing second in the next two. The bunch finished as follows:

FARMER'S RACE. PURSE $25.

Buttermilk, Dodge & Sherburne, Keating twp.	1	2	2
Judge B., Henry Wright, Keating twp.	2	3	1
Kasson, Leo Hafner, Hamlin twp.	4	4	5
Kentucky, Fred Nourse, Keating twp.	3	3	4
Black B., Breese, Rixford	5	1	3

Best time ½ mile: 1:27.

Bay Taylor also ran.

Anniversary Honored.

On August 26, 1881, a lodge of I. O. O. F. was formed in Smethport by nineteen men, ten of whom were members affiliated with other lodges, while the remaining nine were initiated into the order on that date.

Friday evening the twenty-fifth anniversary of this lodge was celebrated at an open meeting in Odd Fellows hall, to which members, their wives, sweethearts and friends to the number of about one hundred and fifty attended.

The early part of the evening was passed in renewing and forming acquaintances, and shortly after 9 o'clock the assemblage was called to order by H. M. Choate, and a pleasing musical program was attentively listened to. Vocal selections were rendered by Mesdames John B. Chapman and E. R. Baker, Miss Lucile M. Hinman and Miss Irma Wells and H. R. Henderson and were received heartily by the assemblage. A male quartet, composed of Messrs. C. E. McCoy, G. H. McCoy, E. J. Klingensmith and H. R. Henderson, were present and sang two numbers which lent much enjoyment to the occasion.

In the midst of the musical program a short speech was made by Sheridan Gorton, Esq., in his usual fascinating manner. Mr. Gorton gave some interesting history of the local lodge, showing that from a lodge with 19 members it had grown to one with 170 members, and during the 25 years had initiated the grand total of 319. He spoke of the charter members and of the six who are still members of the Smethport lodge. Five of these six were present and occupied seats on the platform. They were: W. G. Holder, B. W. Rubin and W. H. Wetenhall of Smethport, M. N. Allen of Port Allegany and W. Z. Georgia of State Line Mills. Mr. Gorton also showed the benefits received during the 25 years by stating that $9,609.82 had been paid out by this lodge for sick and death benefits, nursing, etc.

At the conclusion of the program an elaborate supper was served in the dining room to which all did ample justice. After a period at cards and other diversions the members and guests went to their homes and the twenty-fifth anniversary of Smethport Lodge, No. 389, I. O. O. F., was but a pleasant bit of history

The Frogs' Clam Bake.

The members of the Independent Order of Frogs gave a most delightful clam bake at their oasis, popularly known as Frog Camp on the headwaters of Nunundah creek, Norwich township, on Monday. The event was in honor of the Crabs of Daly Brook Lodge and other invited guests.

The weather early in the morning looked rather discouraging but by 10 o'clock no fairer day could be asked for and the Frogs and their guests commenced wending their way toward the Frog Camp. Toward noon there was a good sized crowd on the grounds and festivities began. Luncheon, consisting of clam chowder, cold ham, raw clams, cheese, sliced onions, rye and white bread and bud was served, as the participants desired.

The sports indulged in were baseball, shooting, bridge whist and other games. The feature of the ball game was the all around playing of T. Harry Pancoast and it was generally conceded that he was the best lady player on the field.

Shortly after 5 o'clock the bake was opened and the happy party assembled around the spacious tables in the pavilion. Everything was cooked to perfection and the way the party devoured the good things was the best kind of a testimonial for Chefs P. S. Curran and John Eckert. The menu consisted of spring chicken, clams, green corn, sweet and domestic potatoes, crackers, pickles, clam sauce, butter, coffee and bud. Prince Mayo was an easy winner in the contest—distancing all competitors in the second heat.

The party numbered 54 and a more jolly crowd would be hard to find. After dinner a pleasant half hour was spent in singing ye olde tyme songs of dear old college days and other days. Photographer Gleason got a first class picture of the group. At the close of the festivities all gave three cheers for the Frogs and the chefs who had furnished such delightful outing and repast.

Miss Mitchell Ill.

Miss Lucy Mitchell, daughter of Sheriff George W. Mitchell, was taken seriously ill last Saturday and on Sunday it was decided that she had appendicitis Dr. Benninghoff of Bradford was summoned in consultation late Sunday night and after a careful examination came to the conclusion that the case was too far advanced for an operation, and that they must wait for the inflammation to subside. Since then she has been gradually improving and now she is considered on a rapid road to recovery. The many friends of Miss Mitchell and family throughout the county will wish her speedy improvement.

Wanted—By young lady a place to board for services and attend high school. Inquire at this office.

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State Police Shot.

Two troopers, members of State Constabulary, are dead and two are badly wounded as a result of shots fired by miners who were resisting arrest at New Florence, near Punxsutawney, Sunday evening. The dead are: Private John Henry, aged 25 years, Private Frances Zehringer, aged 33 years; wounded, Homer Chamber and William Mullen. The officers had been ordered to arrest several foreign miners who boarded at a house conducted by a Slav named Zellinski. The men, whose arrest was attempted, had been violating the game laws; they had been charged also with carrying concealed weapons and engaging in disorderly conduct. The detail of four men from the Punxsutawney barracks of Troop D left for New Florence late Sunday afternoon. The house had for inmates a band of desperate men and they were well armed. They promptly opened fire on the troopers and Private Henry fell dead with a bullet in his breast. Henry was just outside the house on the road, when he was shot. Then Francis Zehringer and Homer Chambers rushed into the building and at short range both were shot. Zehringer was struck by a bullet in the head and Chambers was mortally wounded by bullets which pierced his breast and one of his legs Although in a very weak condition he succeeded in getting out of the house Private Mullen, who attempted to remove the body of John Henry was shot through the right thigh and at once retreated to cover. Later he reported the affray to headquarters at Punxsutawney.

Capt. Robinson was in Bradford at the time, and in his absence Lieutenant Engle promptly sent 18 troopers to the scene of the shooting. Pickets were placed about the house to see that none of the murderers escaped. The latter have continued a fusillade of shots at intervals during the night, showing that they are provided for a siege. No further casualties are reported.

Monday morning when the State police renewed their attack on the boarding house, the tactics pursued were effective. As a result, one Italian is dead, another wounded and two are under arrest. The house was wrecked with dynamite and then it caught fire. It was destroyed, as was another building located nearby.

The body of Private Zehringer, which was in the boarding house, was removed before it was burned. The bodies of the dead troopers were taken to Punxsutawney. The condition of the injured is practically unchanged.

Intense indignation prevails throughout this section over the manner in which the foreigners deliberately shot the State policemen. The police, too, are justly incensed and in dealing with the lawless element hereafter will show less leniency than they have done heretofore.

The D. A. R. Picnic.

On Wednesday, August 29, McKean Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, and friends assembled at hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Wells for their second annual picnic.

The day was an ideal one. The tables were spread on the spacious lawn where a bountiful repast was served to which all did ample justice. A short literary program had been prepared. The regent, Mrs. T. A. Morrison, called upon her son, T. H. Morrison, who responded to the toast: Men who were the safeguards of the colonies at the time "when the clock struck and the world heard." He dwelt chiefly upon the important work done by Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson.

Mrs. Scott Walker in a few well chosen words responded to: "Our Hostess and Guests." Mrs. Morrison gave a short history of the origin and aims of the society and its hope for future usefulness. A strong plea was made for a more fitting observance of Memorial Day and the Fourth of July. Many voices joined in singing patriotic selections, and games and other diversions were enjoyed until the hour for departure arrived.

Stark Family Reunion.

The first reunion of the Stark family was held at the residence of H. L. Burlingame at Kasson Friday, Aug. 31.

The day dawned bright and beautiful, and about ten o'clock members of the family began to arrive and assemble upon the lawn, where tents had been erected with decorations suitable to the occasion.

Many representatives from Burtville, Port Allegany, Smethport and Kasson were present, making ninety-four in number.

The day was spent in renewing old acquaintances and making new ones, until both young and old felt that it was indeed a pleasure to spend one day in the year so pleasantly. Refreshments were served after which a business meeting was held and the following officers elected: President, H. L. Burlingame; vice president, Mrs. H. L. Burlingame; treasurer, Washington Stark; secretary, O. H. Burlingame. It was decided to hold the next reunion at Coryville the last week in August, 1907.

Subscribe for the Miner.

MAN ARRESTED AS ACCESSORY TO A MURDER

Angelo Inga is Held Without Bail On the Above Charge

A LEADER OF THE "BLACK HAND."

Inga was Author of Coryville Tragedy According to Frank Godino's Story—He Came to Visit His Cousin Philippo Frizini.

Last Friday morning Angelo Inga, an Italian from Olean, came to Smethport in company with Mike Furi to visit his cousin, Philippo Frisini, who is awaiting trial on the charge of murder and owing to the statements made by Frank Godino, who is under sentence of death for this same murder, Inga will probably visit his cousin for an indefinite period.

After visiting his cousin in his cell, Inga made a call on Frank Godino. As soon as Frank saw him he flew into a frenzy and some hot words followed and Inga soon left the jail. Godino immediately sent for District Attorney Mayo and when Mr. Mayo came he made the statement that Inga was the instigator of the Coryville tragedy. Mr. Mayo swore out a warrant for Inga and he was arrested by Sheriff Mitchell before he got a chance to leave town.

The hearing was held before Justice Knapp at the jail at 7 o'clock that evening. The testimony of Frank Godino was taken in the corridor of the jail and the other witnesses were sworn in the waiting room. In his testimony Frank Godino said that Angelo Inga came to him and his three partners in the crime and told them that they must go to Coryville that night (March 26, 1906) and get some money from the Italians there. He said that Inga gave him and Rocco Doqui a revolver each and told them to get some money without fail and that if they did not get it they knew what they would get. He said that Inga is the head man of the gang and that they had to obey his orders. When asked what would happen to him if he did not obey, Frank did not answer but the expression on his face spoke plainer than he could in his broken English and we have no idea that the members of that society are in the habit of disobeying orders. He also stated that Joe Nostilia was the "head man" in this section. Godino's testimony in regard to what happened at Coryville was practically the same as his testimony at his trial last June, so we will not give it space here. Possidio Tiberi, a cousin of the murdered man, and Harry L. Backus were called to testify as to the cause of the death of Guiseppi Tiberi. Justice B. L. Knapp held Angelo Inga on the charge for the October term of court without bail and he was remanded to jail.

Gallup & Bouton, attorneys for the defendant, gave notice that they would proceed in a writ of habeas corpus but later they abandoned the idea and the prisoner will remain in jail until his case comes before the court.

According to the story of Frank Godino this murder was committed under the direction of the "Black Hand" society, and if such is the case the arrest of Inga is much more important than the arrest of the four tools who did the work and every effort should be made to mete out justice to these leaders of this society. It is well known that members of the "Black Hand" are constantly robbing their countrymen and that this society is responsible for practically all of the crimes committed by Italians in this section. The peaceable Italians are in deadly fear of the murderous society and for that reason they are always backward in seeking the aid of the law when a crime is committed against them. If this "Black Hand" society could be broken up the percentage of crimes among Italians would be wonderfully lessened. The laboring class of Italians are as law-abiding as any other class of people, and the great trouble lies in their lack of courage to battle against and assist in breaking up this "Black Hand" gang which seems to be organized all over the United States.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending September 1, 1906:

E. F. French, H. A. Huff, Mrs. Owen Malone, Jos. Mercland. Foreign—Casti Angelo.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. O. Gallup,
Postmaster.

Phosphate for Sale.

I have just received two carloads of phosophate for oats, grass, corn, potatoes and buckwheat. E. W. Jones, Smethport, Pa.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Thomas Connelly, a farmer living near Turtle Point, met with his death last Saturday evening (Feb 17, 1883) in a manner so hidden and mysterious as to give good reason to believe that a foul murder had been committed. The facts as near as can be learned are as follows: As seems to be customary on Saturday evenings, a party of men were gathered at the hotel in Turtle Point drinking poor whiskey and as a natural consequence a quarrel ensued. But in this instance, as in hundreds before, the belligerent and rum crazed parties finally quieted down and separated for their homes, and no one seems to have realized that any one was seriously hurt. Among the last who left the place were the men who were followed by James Connelly in a very intoxicated condition, in fact being hardly able to walk. Fearful that he would not be able to find his way to shelter and might therefore perish in the cold, the men carried Connelly back to the hotel and about ten feet from the entrance found his brother, Thomas, lying apparently dead drunk. The brothers were taken inside and left together to sleep off their debauch on the floor. On Sunday morning James Connelly awoke, but Thomas was still insensible and casual examination showed that he was badly hurt about the head. A physician was sent for and pronounced the man to be suffering from a bad fracture of the parietal bone, which was crushed in as though by a blow. Connelly lingered until 2 p. m. Sunday, when he expired, having remained utterly unconscious since his discovery.

The circumstances of the tragedy excited the strongest suspicion of foul play and a coroner's jury was empanneled by Justice C. E. Wright. An inquest was held Monday evening and while the evidence of two physicians showed that death must have been produced by a blow there was no proof to show who struck it. This point baffled the jury, who returned a verdict that the deceased had come to his death by being struck on the head by some person or persons unknown with a heavy instrument.

Thus far there is no definite clue to the mystery, but every effort is being made to discover who struck the fatal blow. The murdered man was about 39 years old and leaves a wife and five children to mourn the loss of a husband and father—solely because of whiskey.

"Unto us a Son is given."

The above scriptural quotation—we think it is from the scriptures—have been echoed in a number of families in this borough and vicinity, who have been blessed with welcome additions to the family circle. It is to be remarked that this year, thus far, these gifts from heaven have been like the old man's family of twelve sons, "all boys." The complete record of the past few days up to date as far as heard from, is as follows in order of time: Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Wilson, a boy, 10 lbs.; Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Peck, a boy, 10 lbs.; Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Freeman, a boy, 10 lbs.; Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Gross, a boy, 10½ lbs.; Mr. and Mrs. A. Hyland, a boy, 12 lbs.; Mr. and Mrs. John Allard, a boy, 13 lbs. All this happened, with the exception of the first on the list, since Saturday, September 9, 1883.

Miss Flora Burlingame, daughter of H. L. Burlingame of this borough, was 18 years old on Tuesday, Oct. 3, 1883 A company of relatives and friends, to the number of forty or fifty, having learned of the fact that it was the birthday, gave her the surprise of a visit, the more welcome because it was unexpected. All congratulated the young lady upon her attainment to womanhood and many presented costly and beautiful presents in token of their love. It was a most enjoyable and happy occasion

Mr. and Mrs. John Forrest are rejoicing in the addition of a little girl to their family circle. Two girls—put another hinge on the front gate, John. October, 1883.

A little two year old child of Michael Madigan, living on the Taylor farm, near this borough, overturned a coffee pot full of boiling hot coffee upon itself last Friday and was so badly scalded that it died on Saturday, Oct. 7 1883.

A little four-year-old boy, the son of a miner at Clermont, met with a remarkable mishap and escape a few days ago. The little fellow was investigating the well curb, and climbing to the top of it lost his balance and fell to the bottom of the well—a depth of 46 feet. There was a little water at the bottom enough to ease the fall, and he climbed upon a large stone and remained there until his cries attracted attention and he was helped out.

For Sale.

A number of fine lots fronting on Main Street, in Smethport. These lots are 4 by 16 rods, nicely located, and will be sold at moderate prices and on easy terms of payment. Also a nice lot on Bank street. T. H. Morrison, Attorney

For Sale.

Forty acres nice, smooth meadow. Inquire, John Harrington, R. F. D. No. 3, Smethport, Pa.

Rockefeller to Reform Kentucky.

The latest fanciful fad of Mr. Rockefeller is to reform Kentucky. He is sending missionaries into the feud districts to hold revival meetings in the hope that these will lead the people to put away pistols and turn their thoughts toward civilization. In this section only candles are used. It is hoped that they will learn the virtues of Standard Oil as an illuminant. They who sit in candle light are hoped to see a greater light of the refined variety.

The missionary spirit is strong in John D. We greatly approve of it in this particular even if it is certain to inhere to his own financial benefit. He can spread the gospel in the dark places and is very certain that he can do no particular harm. If he can make one kerosene lamp burn where now there are several tallow dips he will have accomplished some good for civilization. At the same time we trust that his agents of civilization are well armed and equipped for the fray. There is nothing particular the matter with those people in the mountains of Kentucky except a very pleasant desire to kill a man once in a while. It is hard on the victim, but there is always justification, as the court records show.

The people of the mountains of several contiguous States have well been termed Appalachian Americans. They are descendants of those Scotch-Irish Americans who first came to Pennsylvania and stayed here long enough to make the Revolutionary War a success (according to John Fiske), then they went up the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia and over into Kentucky, where they have remained in a state of arrested development ever since. They have still the highland feuds, the highland temperment and methods. Rifles have supplanted the claymore, but there is still the desire (as well as the practice) to cut off an enemy without warning. Their idea is Draconian. Every man deserves death for the slightest ethical or social dereliction and every man is his own judge and executioner.

If Mr. Rockefeller wants missionaries of the proper sort for this country he should choose Kentuckians of approved markmanship. Shoot the Gospel into them if necessary, rather than be shot yourself. And these are the best hearted people in the world, those who would do you any service so long as you do not violate their fifteenth century notions of ethics. What Kentucky needs is a new code of ethics and it may need to be promulgated with rifles. Otherwise it will take a good many Standard Oil millions to keep up the supply of missionaries.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Hoyt's "A Bunch of Keys."

"Action and achievement" are Gus Bothner's watchwords, when he presents Hoyt's "A Bunch of Keys" to admiring audiences season after season. The performance is well keyed up to a high pitch by the engagement of capable comedians, chic soubrettes and comely chorus ladies. The fun comes fast and furious, the specialties are refined and novel, the songs are bright and catchy, the dances are masterpieces of artistic evolution and the whole effect is one to be obtained only through ceaseless vigilance on the manager's part. No sluggards or laggards ever sneak into a cast of "A Bunch of Keys" for Bothner has a standard to maintain and the fact that this is the 21st season of a "A Bunch of Keys" is ample evidence that he maintains it. This year is no exception and when "A Bunch of Keys" is presented at the Smethport Lyceum on Sept. 10 our audiences are promised a continued succession of surprises. Specialties will be introduced by the Acme Quartette and a bevy of beautiful girls attired in choicest creations of the milliner's and modiste's art will assist in the general ensemble and lend their graceful assistance to the efforts of the principals. Manager Clark's cozy little theatre will doubtless be packed on Monday evening, Sept. 10, for the visit of "A Bunch of Keys" will be a great treat to our theatregoers.

H. L. Wilson Has Arm Crushed.

A clipping from a Glassboro, N. J., newspaper sent to Dr. F. C. Pierce, says of a former townsman:

Conductor Harry Wilson of Glassboro met with a painful and serious accident this morning that will keep him from his duties for several weeks.

He was on the down trip, arriving as usual at Palatine. There a minor accident happened to an elderly man, but there was nothing especially serious. Mr. Wilson, who is a very conscientious conductor, made up a careful report of the accident, and in doing so went under the cars to make some measurements.

While thus engaged the bumpers of the two cars came together catching the elbow of the right arm and fracturing it seriously. Mr. Wilson was brought here, taken to the Stitts East Avenue hospital, and Dr. Stitts gave him surgical attention.

Mrs. Allen Parks is home and prepared to attend the wants of her customers. Remember the place, over Foster's grocery.

THE Automatic Road Agent

By WILLIAM WALLACE COOK

Copyright, 1900, by William Wallace Cook

I CAN never forgive Klipton for the way he deceived me in the matter of the automatic road agent. Upon his representation I was led to believe the machine was nothing more harmful than a motor cowboy, and when the truth fell my faith in my versatile friend was shaken to its very foundations.

That Klipton in a most salutary way was hoist of his own petard did much to restore the status quo ante of our cordial relations. That I myself was involved disastrously in his rescue from a [illegible] of comprehensive lawlessness was of small moment, considering the beneficent results of the aforesaid rescue.

Great geniuses, I suppose, spin their glittering webs in the dark. At any rate, Klipton's ingenuity when at highest pressure withdrew into some lair where it could be alone with its originator.

In the present instance the lair was the rear room of our adobe dwelling in Matanzas, N. M. From that rear room all day long and far into the night a mellow "clink" of hammer on anvil, and against its closely curtained windows struck sporadic gleams of a portable forge.

The while he worked on in mysterious secrecy I slaved at the printer's trade to keep him in funds for material. So great was my trust in his ability that I handed over my wages every Saturday night without question. Whenever Klipton showed himself he was grimy with smoke and dust, grimy, but complacent.

"William," he remarked as we sat over one of our frugal meals, "the machine I am building is going to prove a rich strike. Money? My dear boy, we shall take in the coin hand over fist. Today you are to give them two weeks' notice at the printing office."

"Are you ready to tell me what the thing is?" I inquired.

"Not yet. In two weeks, however, it will give me great pleasure to inform you fully."

During the next fortnight Klipton surprised me by allowing me to retain my wages. On the night I severed my connection with the Matanzas Mercury he took me by the hand and led me into the room where he had been laboring for the last three months.

Before me was a skeleton motor car, small, compact—little more than wheels and platform, with the necessary box to house the machinery. But the car itself was only an insignificant part of my friend's amazing machine.

Welded to it and forming one with the vehicle was a monstrosity in the form of a steel man; not a whole man, merely the head, trunk and arms, built on a gigantic model—the half of a magog.

This latter day centaur was a hideous conception. Its vacuous face and staring eyes sent uncanny shivers creeping through my nerves, and I turned away with a gasp.

In each hand the semifigure clasped a long barreled Colt's revolver. The steel arms were jointed, and Klipton was lifting them proudly and moving them this way and that when I turned my back.

"So that is what I have been putting my wages into for the last ten weeks!" I exclaimed, perhaps a trifle bitterly. I had cajoled myself into the belief that Klipton had been solving the problem of aerial navigation, and my disappointment was keen.

"Klipton's Motor Cowboy," my friend explained triumphantly, "primarily designed to benefit the cattle industry and incidentally Marcus Klipton and his friend, William Quinn.

"When charged with electricity, this machine will think, act and do everything but talk for a period varying from twenty four hours to a week, depending upon the amount of energy used up by the car."

"But the revolvers!" I cried.

"All cowboys have revolvers," he answered, [illegible] evasively.

"It is [illegible] designed to meet the requirements of a cattle ranch?" I ventured, mustering up courage to continue my examination of the odd contraption.

"You don't understand these things, William," said Klipton calmly.

"If you'll explain how a patent cowboy is going to make money for us hand over fist, I think I could understand that."

"You'll have a practical demonstration of that tomorrow," he returned.

Next morning Klipton shook me into wakefulness and requested me to arise and dress with as much dispatch as possible. While getting into my clothes I stole a glance into the rear room.

The motor cowboy was gone, its departure having been accomplished by means of a seven foot breach in the adobe wall. I swept Klipton with a questioning glance.

"I pushed it down to the power plant," said he, "and filled it with electricity. It's now away on trial."

"I should like to see how it stands the test," I observed.

"So you shall, William. There are two horses at the door, and when we have had our breakfast we will ride out into the country and watch operations."

"Don't you have to go with it?" I queried.

"If any one had to go with it," he responded, "the machine would not be a success. My idea as to the work to be done is imparted through a series of push buttons. There my responsibility ceases, and the machine, of its own volition, does the rest."

We rode about five miles, not toward any ranch that I had ever heard of, but directly into the rocky hills. The mystery intensified and with it my apprehension.

There was a lawless strain in Klipton's makeup, and most of his ingenious undertakings trended in that direction.

"Klip," said I severely, "if there is anything crooked about this you can count me out."

"William," he retorted, "don't read me any of your homilies. We're not going to do anything crooked. We're simply going to watch and observe what happens."

He looked about him critically. The trail threaded a rugged ravine at that point, with shadowy lurking places gashed from the slopes on left and right.

"This is the place," he proceeded. "We will climb that hill, hitch our horses over the brow of it, and then take up our stations behind convenient 'bowlders.'"

"Why the bowlders?" I asked. "Haven't we a right"—

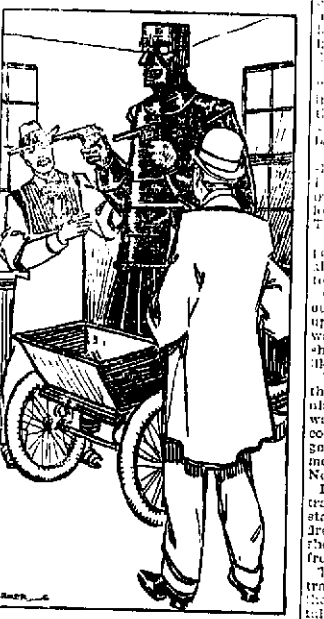
"I never saw such a fellow!" he interrupted crossly. "Consider yourself under my orders, William, or else point your [illegible] for Matanzas and go back to the printing office. It looks to me as though your plebeian ideas were wedded to type sticking and twenty a week."

I accepted the rebuke meekly, and we hitched our horses on the other side of the hill and screened ourselves behind rocks commanding a view of the trail.

We had not been ten minutes in hiding when the stage from the gold camp at Pell's Notch trekked into sight on its way to the railroad at Matanzas.

"Watch," whispered Klipton, "and don't get excited."

The stage came merrily on, an express messenger on the seat with the driver. At the messenger's feet was a strong box which I knew must contain a treasure in placer gold. Between the messenger's knees was a rifle.



"IT WILL THINK, ACT AND DO EVERYTHING BUT TALK."

As I kept my wondering eyes on the vehicle the four horses attached to it suddenly went back in their traces and then shot up in the air. The driver exploded a yell, and the messenger, quick as chain lightning, brought the rifle to his shoulder.

A report followed, and a musical ring followed the report—a ring that, through some weird acoustic effect, sounded for all the world like a titillating, ironical laugh.

Swerving my eyes the other way along the trail, I beheld the so called motor cowboy planted in the path, both weapons leveled at the two on the stage. A red card lettered in white had abruptly materialized at the front of the car, "Hands Up!"

I was spellbound—too much so for recriminations. All I could do was to crouch behind my bowlder and keep my fascinated eyes on the trail below.

The automaton pulled trigger, and the messenger's hat flew off. The messenger emptied his magazine over the horses' heads, and a chorus of those eerie laughs echoed up and down the ravine.

By then the stage horses were fairly under control, and the driver elevated his hands. The messenger, who had lost a lock of hair by a second bullet, followed suit.

The "Hands Up!" card vanished, and another took its place—"Deposit Valuables In Iron Basket In Front of Car!"

"Jumpin' wildcats!" bellowed the driver. "What sort of a holdup is this anyhow? That looks like the old boy himself. Why don't you say somethin', you feller with the guns?"

A black card jumped viciously into sight—"Your money or your life! Hurry!"

This was immediately followed by the other card naming the place for the deposit of valuables and was emphasized with a third shot from one of the Colts, the bullet singing past the messenger's ear.

"Don't shoot!" cried the messenger frantically. "You're bullet proof, and I'm not, and that gives you the winning hand!"

He clambered down from the stage, pulled the strong box after him, dragged it to the car and heaved it aboard. All the while Klipton's chef d'oeuvre kept him covered with one of the revolvers.

Rushing back to the stage, the messenger regained the box. Then came a blue card bearing the word "Goodby," and the steel highwayman backed slowly from the trail into a narrow defile in the hillside.

The driver's long whip flickered out over the backs of the leaders, and the stage jumped on toward Matanzas like a cannon ball. There were no passengers inside the vehicle, and the last thing I saw was the white, scared face of the messenger looking back at the scene of the automaton's exploit.

"Marcus Klipton," said I, finding tongue, now that the excitement was over, "you have betrayed my trust in you. Motor cowboy, indeed!" I added sarcastically. "Why didn't you tell me it was a motor highwayman in the first place?"

"Don't get on your high horse, William," answered Klipton. "I wanted the truth to dawn on you by degrees. I have demonstrated, I think, that Klipton's automatic road agent is an unqualified success. We can build ourselves a nice little rendezvous out here in the hills and sit in the shade and play seven up and let our indestructible highwayman transform us into millionaires."

"Be that as it may," I went on relentlessly, "in taking the loot collected by this iniquitous machine you are receiving tainted money"—

"If it comes to that," he broke in, "there isn't a dollar in circulation in all this broad land that has not at some time or other been won dishonestly and passed through criminal hands."

"You will become a 'fence' for stolen property," I proceeded. "And then," I finished sternly, "suppose the automaton should kill somebody!"

"Hang it, William," cried Klipton, "you're about the worst case of discouragement in [illegible] I ever went up against! I know when I've got a good thing, and I'm going to let my invention work and collect profits for me. Take your own trail, and I will take mine."

With that he [illegible] around and rushed down the hill in a temper. I could not bring myself to abandon him just yet and followed.

The automatic road agent moved out into the road to meet us as we advanced upon the place where it had been secreted. My friend proceeded very confidently, but came to a startled pause as one of the Colts was lifted and brought to bear on him. Simultaneously the "Hands Up!" card flashed into view.

It was more than plain that Klipton was not expecting this. The revolver cracked, and Klipton's hat was [illegible] half an inch on his head.

"What's the matter, Klip?" I shouted.

"The blamed thing must have slipped a cog or something!" he flung back at me.

Then the other card flaunted its order for him to deposit his valuables in the basket.

"Run!" I yelled. "You know what happened to that fellow they called Frankenstein. Get behind the rocks or you'll be killed!"

"It's good for fatalities if a victim tries to run," he groaned, palpitating back and forth in the trail. "Sneak around behind it, William," he added, clutching at his mop of hair, "and push button No. 3. Hurry! The black card is up!"

I started, but the other revolver focused itself upon me before I had taken a dozen steps. Klipton pulled disconsolately at his [illegible] and jumped around in the trail like an Indian doing a war dance.

"Now you're in it, too!" he whooped. "Go up close and put your contribution in the basket. We've got to do it! After that we'll follow the car till the electricity gives out, and then we can get the stuff back."

With the frowning muzzle of the six shooter looking me squarely in the face, I laid my forty dollar donation in the iron basket and followed it with an heirloom in the shape of an old silver watch. Thereupon I was permitted to back away.

Klipton advanced with one hand in his pocket. I don't think he had any valuables about him, and I watched with intense interest to see what happened.

Of a sudden, when close to the nefarious machine, my friend hurled himself upon it, one hand reaching around toward button No. 3. There followed a sharp report which struck on my heart like a knell.

With a groan Klipton dropped across the iron basket, a melancholy tribute to his own misguided genius. I leaped forward instinctively, but before I could come anywhere near the machine it had got under headway and was moving at a moderate gait in the direction of Pell's Notch.

I made haste to recover my horse and, trailing Klipton's mount behind me, started in pursuit. A clatter of hoofs drew my attention, and I discovered the sheriff and a posse of four galloping up from the rear.

They had started from Matanzas on the trail of a cattle thief and had encountered the stage two miles out. The harrowing tale of the driver and messenger had sent the officers after the singular bandit who had annexed the express company's strong box.

The sheriff, as I could see, looked upon me with more or less suspicion. I was known to be a close friend of Klipton's, and Klipton, so the sheriff had been informed, had pushed a machine answering the messenger's description to the Matanzas power house that morning.

Our pursuit did not lead us far on the Pell's Notch road. Just beyond the rocky hills the motor wheels left well defined tracks across the desert southward.

Spurring forward at top speed, we soon had the machine in sight—a slowly moving blot on the horizon. At about the same moment we discovered a trailing plume of smoke off to the west.

"The 12:20 local for Albuquerque," remarked the sheriff, and presently the train was seen writhing like a snake across the sand.

The blot representing the motor car was observed to be at a standstill, presumably experiencing difficulty in getting across the rails. A long drawn out whistle from the locomotive reached our ears, followed by shriek after shriek of frantic warning.

The automatic road agent failed to move, and we sat our horses and gazed while the train glided into the blot, passed on for a hundred yards or so, and then slowed to a halt.

"By Jupiter," cried the sheriff, "the local has collided with the horseless wagon. It's all up with the highwayman! [illegible] and quirts, boys!"

I rode on with a sickening sensation of fear for my erring and luckless friend, but the fear faded into wonder when, on reaching the spot, we failed to find Klipton anywhere in the wreck.

The automatic road agent had been crushed into a scrap heap. By some miracle of poetic justice, however, the messenger's strong box was found a few feet from the track uninjured.

I raked my watch out of the debris, a [illegible] flattened to the thinness of a [illegible]. I likewise recovered fifteen of my forty dollars.

Notwithstanding my personal loss, I should have been a happy man as I accompanied the sheriff and his posse back to Matanzas [illegible] known that Klipton was safe.

My doubts concerning his fate were set at rest a week later when I received the following from Santa Fe:

"Dear William: Am in the hospital here with a bullet in my shoulder. Dropped off the car in the hills, saw you and the sheriff trail past and thought best not to return to Matanzas. Join me at this place as soon as possible. Have developed a second idea while lying in this neat little room [illegible] getting over the effects of the first. It's a corker! There's a fortune in it for you as well as for your repentant friend.

KLIP."

English and Scotch Precedence.

At the coronation of Charles I. the kingdoms of England and Scotland having been united during the reign of his father, considerable friction took place with regard to the order of precedence of the English and Scottish noblemen. An arrangement satisfactory to all parties was finally concluded, in virtue of which English peers while in England took precedence of Scottish peers of the same rank, while in Scotland this order was reversed, and the Scottish peers went first.

Peevishness.

Peevishness may be considered the canker of life; it destroys its vigor and checks its improvement; it creeps on with hourly depredations and taints and vitiates what it cannot consume.—Johnson.

Probably.

Probably a woman would be a bride to her husband longer if she should continue making company of him. Most women begin to save their jam for visitors when they have been married three months.

PICTURE ON A HILL.

The Long Man of Wilmington, England, Measures 240 Feet.

About midway between Berwick and Polegate stations, at a point where the side of the hill is very precipitous, those who know exactly the spot where to look will be able to see from the railway carriage windows a sort of rude imitation of the human form outlined in white. The figure, which is between 200 and 300 feet in height, holds a long staff in each hand. This is the "Long Man of Wilmington," once the center of profound veneration and worship, but now merely an object of interest to the curious.

In order to obtain an adequate idea of this great hillside figure, dominating the surrounding country and appearing to watch as guardian over the little village below, it is desirable to approach it afoot, tramping along the winding lanes, as the pilgrims of old must have tramped when they came hither on the occasion of some great religious festival. Seen from afar, the figure does not appear to be of remarkable size, but gradually as one approaches the hill it assumes an imposing and definite shape.

The figure, about 240 feet in height, was merely shaped in the turf so as to allow the chalk to appear through. In the course of time these depressions in the surface became almost imperceptible, and to such an extent was the figure neglected that at last it was only possible to make out the form at a distance when the slight hollows were marked by drifted snow or when the oblique rays of the rising or setting sun threw them into a deep shadow. In order to preserve the form of the Long Man, and to render it at the same time easily distinguishable at a distance the outline was marked by a single line of white bricks placed closely together. The effect has been to produce a somewhat startling figure, which is plainly visible in fine weather from a great distance.

There are in different parts of the country other examples of extremely rude and early hillside figures, and although the very fact of their great antiquity renders it unlikely that local or documentary evidence will be forthcoming as to their design or precise purpose, it is very satisfactory to find that an explanation has been found which will at once account for many of their peculiarities.

The theory is that these are sacrificial figures. We learn from the writings of Caesar that the Gauls (and the Britons were doubtless included) had figures of vast size, the limbs of which, formed of osiers, they filled with living men. The figure was ultimately fired, and the miserable victims perished in the flames.

There is a local saying in Sussex, probably of great antiquity, in which the Long Man is mentioned in reference to the weather. It runs:

When Firlie hill and Long Man has a cap
We at A'ston gets a drap.

—London Standard.

Football In Burma.

"Chinlon," the Burmese form of football, is the national game. The name means "round basket," writes Mr. Kelly in his book on Burma, and the chinlon is really a ball about six inches in diameter formed of plaited rattans. The game is played by several youths or men, who stand in a circle a few feet apart. The ball having been thrown into play, the one nearest to whom it falls kicks it up into the air with the instep, knee or side of the foot. The effort is to keep it in the air as long as possible and without losing possession of the ball. A fancy stroke is to turn about face as the ball falls and kick it with the sole of the foot, although the elbows, head or any part of the body except hand and toes may be used. While playing no one leaves his place, but waits until the ball falls within his reach, when he in turn endeavors to retain its possession. It is a very pretty game to watch, and the skill of the performers is often surprising.

The Smallest Screws.

The smallest screws ever made are used in the manufacture of the miniature watches which are sometimes fitted in rings, shirt studs, bracelets, etc. They are the next thing to being invisible to the naked eye, looking like minute grains of sand. With a good glass, however, it may be plainly seen that each is a perfect screw, having a number of threads equal to 1,250 to the inch. These tiny screws are four one-thousandths of an inch in diameter and seven one-thousandths of an inch in length. It is estimated that a lady's thimble of average size would hold 100,000 of them. No attempt is ever made to count these "tiny triumphs of mechanical ingenuity" other than to get a basis for estimation. The method usually pursued in determining their number is to carefully count 100 and then place them on a delicate balance, the number of a given amount being determined by the weight of these.

Cars For Man and Beast.

From Salzburg you go to Munich. While traveling through the mountains of Bavaria you drop suddenly from the sublime to the ridiculous by catching a glimpse of a car bearing a label of which this is the translation:

"For thirty-two men or six horses."

On inquiry you learn that the Bavarian railroads run fourth class cars, on which the very poor may travel for a trifle or which may be used at the option of the railroad to transport equine freight. Later you have an opportunity to inspect some of these fourth class cars, and you find them to be similar to our own freight cars, although much smaller. Plain wooden benches form the seats, which may be removed to accommodate the live stock. Most of the European freight cars and many of the passenger cars have only four wheels and look like toy affairs compared to our own.—Chicago Post.

Compromise.

"I have a little granddaughter," said a senator, "who is very fond of animals, especially dogs. Her mother has taught her to pronounce the word until it sounds like dahg. Her father sticks to the good old fashioned dawg, so the child has compromised, and now every canine is a dahg-dawg."

FISHES ARE SENSITIVE.

And Yet, Apparently, They Are Not Capable of Suffering Pain.

All fishes have nerves, and in some respects fishes are extremely sensitive. A fish that has buried itself in sand or mud so completely that only the tip of its tail fin is above the bottom will feel even the slightest touch and instantly dart out of its sandy bed. A fish is very sensitive to movements in the water surrounding it. A shadow falling upon the water will startle a fish into flight. But, sensitive as fishes are in some respects, it is probable that they do not suffer pain from injuries received.

Fishes are extremely sensitive at the nose. A fish that in pursuit of prey runs its nose against a rock might shake its head violently, perhaps in pain, but fishes sustain serious injuries from actual wounds without showing any indication of pain. In fact, the indications tend to show that they do not suffer.

A fish that has been hooked by an angler, but has escaped, perhaps carrying off a hook in its mouth, may a few minutes afterward bite again at another hook. Such instances are not infrequent. In such cases the hook would probably be concealed by the bait and the fish would not be likely to see it, but the fact that it is ready to take the bait shows that it is continuing to feed, which it would scarcely be likely to do if it were suffering great pain. A shark from whose body all the viscera had been removed has continued to feed.

Sensitive as fishes are about the nose, many of them use the nose in pushing stones and gravel about in building a nest for the female to spawn in. The salmon [illegible] often wears its snout down to the bone in excavating a cavity for a nest, and often it wears off its tail [illegible] in brushing out stones and gravel. Yet such fishes frequently recover from their injuries and return to the ocean.

Timid and sensitive as fishes are in some respects, they fight one another vigorously. In such fights they may receive injuries that might be described as terrible. To these injuries they may pay so little attention that after the fight is over they go on with their feeding or with whatever occupation they had been engaged in.

Injuries which would throw a human being into a state of helplessness do not interrupt the current of fish life. The fish may afterward die from its injuries, but apparently it does not suffer pain from them.

Fishes sometimes survive injuries of a remarkable character. The stomach of a captured codfish was found to be pierced by a spine of a flounder which it had swallowed. The sharp, thornlike spine projected about half an inch beyond the outer wall of the stomach into the fish's body. Apparently the codfish has suffered no inconvenience from this. The wound caused by the spine had healed around it, and the codfish was fat and in good condition generally.

The Russian Translator of Dickens.

Irinarch Ivansvich Vredensky was the son of a poor but intelligent village pope or priest who tilled his glebe to feed and clothe his large family of daughters and this only son, to whom he still found time to impart the rudiments of education. Irinarch was a sickly and lonesome boy, cut off from all playfellows by his ascetic though well meaning father, and he grew up to manhood in bitter poverty, having sometimes literally nowhere to lay his head. Yet, in spite of all obstacles, he became a distinguished scholar, a versatile linguist and a beloved pedagogue in the military schools at St. Petersburg. He was growing in fame and favor with the authorities and had been called upon to undertake educational work of the highest importance when his blindness and premature death cut short his brave career. His translations of Dickens, Thackeray, Fenimore Cooper, etc., are classical and laid the foundation of the wonderful popularity which their works still enjoy in Russia.—Notes and Queries.

Without Counting.

Archbishop Temple was noted for his mathematical ability. A peculiarity of his power, not in computation or analysis, but in the ability to see a definite number of objects without actually counting them in the ordinary sense, is mentioned in Mr. Sandford's memoirs of the archbishop. Everybody sees three objects, not as one and one and one, but as three. Most people can see four; some see five and even six. Many of those who think they simply see six would discover if they observed the process carefully that they really make a quick count. But Dr. Temple certainly saw higher numbers. I tested him, quite suddenly, more than once. "How many sheep in that field?" Instantly came the answer, "Nine." Once he saw thirteen. I think these were birds flying in a group. It was the same process with him to see nine or ten volumes in a bookshelf as it was with me to see even five. Given time, without counting, he saw larger numbers.

Derivation of "Whit" Sunday.

A perennial problem is that about the etymology of Whit Sunday, and the supporters of Whitsunday could speak more confidently with their adversaries if they remembered that the Welsh call the anniversary "Sulgwyn," which means "White Sun." This title preserves the Druidic tradition that the sun about this time turns white. No doubt the old British belief arose from the peculiar white glare of the sunlight reflected from the hawthorn blossoms, which must have been far more fragrant when south Britain was one vast forest and a thorn fence formed the fortification of every village. The pagan festival of the White Sun possibly developed into the "Whitsun Ales."—Westminster Gazette.

A Plea For Cannibalism.

Bronson Alcott, the Concord philosopher, once made a strong and almost unanswerable plea for cannibalism. "If you are going to eat meat at all," argued the Yankee Plato, "why not eat the best?"

The first Lombardy poplar in America was planted by Michaux in 1785.

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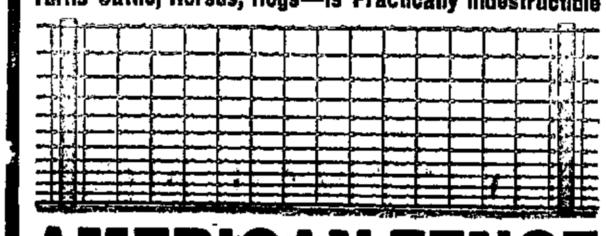

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JOHN C. HAMLIN

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 6, 1906.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Ground was broken at Hazelhurst last Monday for a new Catholic church.

—The junior choir of St. Luke's church picnicked on the Beckwith farm, above town last Saturday.

—Don't fail to see the [illegible] Colossal [illegible] [illegible] night.

—"Do not kiss anyone on the mouth [illegible] to you," reads the warning posted up in every [illegible] schoolhouse. This was thoughtful. There's a whole lot more fun in doing something that's expressly forbidden, says an exchange.

—A Sharon special to the Pittsburg Post says: "Uriah McKay bought a can of potted ham yesterday. When it was opened for luncheon the ear of a cat with all the hair on it was discovered in the meat. The matter was reported to the local health officer, who thinks an investigation is needed."

—Near Belvidere, Allegany county, N. Y., a farmer whose house is up a steep bank from the main road has a wire stretched from the rural mail box post and when the carrier puts the flag up to show there is mail in the box, he pulls the box up to the house by a cord, takes out the mail and sends the box back to the post on the wire.

—An accident occurred on the B. & S. railroad between Hulls and Cross Fork, Potter county, last week which resulted in the death of Engineer Albert Frith. The engine left the track and toppled over and rolled down the mountain side, carrying the engineer with it. He was caught under the engine and frightfully scalded from head to foot, from the effects of which he died at the Austin hospital a few hours later.

—Mrs. Margaret Dorwarth, aged nearly eighty years, committed suicide at Jersey Shore Saturday morning in a most horrible manner. Going to the New York Central railroad tracks she waited until a train came along, and then, kneeling beside the track, deliberately placed her head across the rail. She was instantly killed. One man witnessed the horrible incident, but it was all over so soon he could render no [illegible]

Republicans and Democrats.

The old Republican party, founded by Thomas Jefferson, had its most vigorous life during the twenty-four years while Jefferson, Madison and Monroe were in the White House. During these years it completely annihilated its opponent, the old Federalist [illegible] predecessor of [illegible] John [illegible] president of [illegible] [illegible] which the party of Jefferson and Jackson had dropped a quarter of a century before.—St. Louis Republican.

Word Fashions.

The history of the word asparagus shows how, even in the days of dictionaries, word fashions change. In the eighteenth century, even in elegant usage, the delicacy was regularly called "sparrow grass." A dictionary of 1701 says that "sparrow grass" is now so general that "asparagus" has an air of stiffness and pedantry. "Sperage" had been the usual English form in the sixteenth century, but in the seventeenth herbalists brought back the original Greek and Latin spelling "asparagus." Pepys varies between "sparrow grass," "sparagus" and "sparague." No doubt the eighteenth century relapse was the last, and the "a" is back for good now.

Gold.

The first mention which we have of gold is in the eleventh verse of the second chapter of Genesis, or, in other words, 4,004 years before Christ. Gold was used as money by the ancient Egyptians at a very early date. Herodotus tells that the invention of the coinage of gold belongs to Lydia, about 750 B. C. Authorities conflict about the first coinage of gold. Some say it was Miletus and some the Persians, but there are no records to show just when.

The Justs.

Banaram of Persia bore the enviable title of the Just. The righteousness of his decisions was seldom called in question. This title has been conferred on several monarchs, among them being Casimir II. of Poland, Ferdinand I. and James II. of Aragon, Haroun-al-Raschid of "Arabian Nights" fame, [illegible] Louis XIII.

Brown Leather Bags.

The salesman brought out a superb kit bag of cowhide, a rich brown bag, hand sewed, as big as a trunk.

"This," he said, "is $40."

"I'll take it," said the patron, "only brown leather luggage gets so dirty and shabby after a few months' use. I have a leather steamer trunk I paid $75 for, and it is scratched and stained and discolored so I am ashamed of it."

The salesman frowned.

"Haven't you sense enough," he said, "to clean your brown leather luggage with a tan dressing, the same as you clean your brown leather shoes? As brown shoes, uncleaned, become unsightly, so brown luggage does, but this luggage, cleaned whenever it is used, is the most imposing and the most beautiful you can have.

"Get a bottle of brown leather dressing, apply it to your brown trunk and rub with a woolen cloth for five minutes. I'll guarantee that the trunk will then look better than new. It will have a richer, deeper color.

"Suit cases, valises and all sorts of brown leather things should be rubbed up each time they are used. Then, instead of shabby luggage, we would see everywhere spick and span luggage of the richest brown."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Symptoms.

A physician was talking about his patient's symptoms.

"Young, strong people don't give me enough symptoms when they are ill," he said, "but the middle aged and the aged give me too many. Thinking about their health all the time, studying their condition all the time, the aged and the middle aged discover a symptom in every muscle, in every organ, in every limb. Thus they confuse me.

"The average sufferer of fifty or so will pour upon my head a deluge of symptoms like this:

"'Well, doctor, I'm miserable all over, feverish one minute, freezing the next. I've a gnawing pain in my hip and side and back and an all gone sensation in the stomach, with a shooting, neuralgic [illegible] over the left eye. I have a [illegible] [illegible] right side [illegible] with a [illegible] dullness. I [illegible] and I've [illegible] but not [illegible] To [illegible]

An Unruffled Spirit.

A [illegible] spirit was Mrs. [illegible]'s, so contented that at times [illegible] has found it trying and took an unrighteous satisfaction in prescribing any small thorns which might prick through her comfort.

"No, my Angie hasn't the measles," said Mrs. Snow one day. "Well, perhaps it seems strange she should escape the epidemic, but my children are unusually fortunate always in those respects. Of course I take the best of care of them, and, then, they inherit a tendency to throw off any germs. I anticipate no illness with Angie."

In spite of this the redoubtable Angie came down with measles a week later, and the inquiring friend again approached Mrs. Snow.

"Yes, dear Angie has the measles at last," said the contented mother. "Now, most of the other children are well, and as the doctor has plenty of time to attend to her it really seemed an opportunity for Angie. I don't suppose there ever was a child on whom they came out more beautifully than on Angie. I tell the doctor I think he may well be proud of his little patient."—Youth's Companion.

The Atmosphere.

Even if it were possible for man to live without breathing air he could not exist on the earth if it were without an atmosphere. Plants derive carbon, the most important element of their food, from the air, and without plants there could be no food for animals and therefore for human beings. Water also [illegible] the atmosphere, but if [illegible] have [illegible] supplied by some [illegible] would be a stagnant pool, unfit [illegible] by seaweed or fish.

American Buyer In London.

"My American accent came near to taxing me just $480 on my last trip to London," remarked a clubman. "When I tried to buy a certain bulldog pup there the kennel man priced it at $500, as he had me sized up as an American and, in his regard, an easy mark. I made a deal with a cabby at the hotel stand, who went around and bought the same pup for me at $60, a very fair price, as the dog will never be a show winner. I gave a $10 tip to the cabman, so I made $430 by employing an agent who called his hansom an 'ansom and his horse an 'orse."—New York Sun.

Jackdaw and Magpie.

In England the daw is hardly ever mentioned but as Jack, yet daw and not jackdaw is the proper name of the species. It is suggested that the pie owes the "mag" to some corruption of Margaret or Meg. To mag is to chatter, but whether the verb was derived from the name or the name from the verb is a question. It is more than probable that the Jim Crow of America (the old name for a negro boy) was brought across from England in the days when a crow was Jim, as a swallow was Dick.—London Standard.

The Shepherd's Crook.

Although most people have seen a shepherd's crook, many do not know the use of it. Some people think that all the shepherd carries it for is to use it as a walking stick when he tramps to and from the fold. But the crooked end itself serves a purpose. It enables a shepherd to catch refractory sheep. If a sheep shows signs of running away the crooked end has only to be placed round his leg, and he is a cap-

Earthquakes.

Among the many strange relationships which earthquakes hold to various natural phenomena there is possibly one between the times of their occurrence and of irregularities in the revolution of the world. For many years it has been observed that there are slight but irregular changes in latitude, or, in other words, the axis of our earth does not always point in the same direction. The pole wanders about in a mean position, sometimes in a path that is nearly circular, while at others it appears to be exceedingly irregular and even retrograde. The world top is not spinning truly, but it slightly wabbles. When the change in direction of its axis is sharp large earthquakes have been frequent. If a swiftly moving body is, so to speak, compelled to turn a corner, that it should be subjected to strains which might result in yielding is easily conceivable. Regarded from this point of view, the times at which strata in seismic strain give way are to some extent governed by erratic movements in the rotation of our sphere. The earthquake and the wabble may, however, be due to a common cause, and the question therefore is one which requires closer examination.—John Milne in National Review.

A Good Horse's Color.

A good horse cannot be a bad color, it is said. It is certain that Derby winners are not drawn from certain colors. Has a gray ever won the race, or a dun or a skewbald or a piebald? Has there ever been a thoroughbred of the latter type? Quite black thoroughbreds are rare, white still more so, gray uncommon even among the less exalted of public performers. The "Stud Book" would not bear out these statements where colors uncommon on the race course are described. The explanation is, of course, that the horse is there described as he appeared as a foal. An owner of a bay thoroughbred looked up the "Stud Book" to find his purchase pictured as a chestnut and complained to the men of whom he had bought the horse. The former owner assured him that the description was correct at the time it was entered. [illegible] owners, less certain as to what color may appear when the first [illegible] cast, have before now [illegible] singular entries as "gray, roan or chestnut."—St. James' Gazette.

The Porcupine's Quills.

The spines are very loosely attached to the porcupine, and they are very sharp—as sharp as a needle at the outer end. At almost the slightest touch they penetrate the nose of a dog or the clothing or flesh of a person touching the porcupine and stick there, coming away from the animal without any pull being required. The facility in catching hold with one end and letting go with the other has sometimes caused people to think that the spines had been thrown at them. The outer end of the spines, for some distance down, is covered with small barbs. These barbs cause a spine once imbedded in a living animal to keep working farther in with every movement of the muscles, so that it is not a pleasant thing to get stuck full of them.

A Sad Picture.

At Varzin once, after sitting for some time sunk in profound reflection, Bismarck lamented that he had derived but small pleasure or satisfaction from his political activity, but, on the other hand, much vexation, anxiety and trouble. He had, he said, made no one happy by it, neither himself, his family nor any one else, "but probably," he continued, "many unhappy. Had it not been for me there would have been three great wars the less, the lives of 80,000 men would not have been sacrificed and many parents, brothers, sisters and widows would not now be mourners."—"Bismarck's Table Talk."

Unique Rainmaking.

One of the oldest rainmaking plants is the invention of a native of one of the Indian provinces. By means of a rocket he sends [illegible] the air a reservoir of [illegible] attached to a parachute. [illegible] being released at the [illegible] to earth, the [illegible] by [illegible] It is said to [illegible] even when there is scarcely a trace of cloud.

Hogs and Storms.

Hogs are always more restless [illegible] noted on the approach of bad weather, and when these animals run to and fro with mouthfuls of straw, leaves or branches the indication is for very foul weather. In their native state pigs probably made their own beds, and when bad weather was coming perhaps gathered a larger supply of straw or leaves than usual to serve as a protection against the rain.

Fireworks.

Fireworks originated in the thirteenth century, along with the evolution of powder and cannon. They were first employed by the Florentines, and later the use of fireworks became popular in Rome at the creation of the popes. The first fireworks, which resemble those which we see nowadays, were manufactured by Torre, an Italian artist, and displayed in Paris in 1764.

Consolation.

"So you are still unmarried," said the girl friend

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "And when I see the disappointments of the girls who are married I begin to believe there is, after all, something in this doctrine of the survival of the fittest."—Washington Star.

Experience.

Mother—Now, Tommy, you know what happens to little boys who are naughty. Tommy—Yes, I know. Their papas give 'em a licking, and then their mammas pet 'em and kiss 'em and give 'em nice things to eat.—New York Press.

The Millionairess.

He—Do you think you could live on love alone? She—I'd like to try it awhile. I've never had anything but money and flattery.—Detroit Free

INDIGESTION'S RECORD

"The best remedy I can prescribe for your indigestion, madam, is Green's August Flower. I know of several other physicians who prescribe it regularly."

¶Indigestion is making an awful record as a cause of sudden deaths. It is beating heart-failure in its ghastly harvest.

¶You read in the papers daily of apparently healthy and even robust men being suddenly attacked with acute indigestion after enjoying a hearty meal, and of their dying in many cases before a physician could be called in.

¶This should be a warning to you who suffer with regular or periodical attacks of indigestion. If these unfortunate victims of acute indigestion had taken a small dose of Green's August Flower before or after their meals they would not have fallen a prey to such sudden seizures.

¶August Flower prevents indigestion by creating good digestion. It also regulates the liver, purifies the blood and tones up the entire system in a natural way.

¶Two sizes, 25c and 75c. All druggists.

For sale by H. C. Wells.

E-768

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. - Smethport

Choosing a Helpmate

is a serious business always. And the man's in luck who wins the girl who not only appreciates bric-a-brac but also the value of good

PLUMBING

The up-to-date plumbing of to day entirely in sight where possible and always sanitary in pipes, traps, etc, is within reach when you leave it to an expert plumber such as you'll find at your service at our address. Estimates on new and old work.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

L. K. Hogarth

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

Pure Drugs and Medicines

L. K. Hogarth,

Leading Druggist.

Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite home newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, [illegible]. Both papers one year for [illegible]

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS.
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES,

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's

CANDIES ARE DELICIOUS. TRY THEM. TRY US FOR BAKED PIES, CAKES, COOKIES, BREAD, ETC. WE KEEP

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS.—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 6, 1906

Republican Ticket.

STATE.

For Governor.
EDWIN S. STUART
of Philadelphia

For Lieut. Governor.
ROBT. S. MURPHY
of Cambria county

For Auditor General
ROBERT K. YOUNG,

For Sec'y Internal Affairs.
HENRY HOUCK,
of Lebanon

DISTRICT
For Congress
CAPT. C. F. BARCLAY
of Cameron county.

COUNTY.

For Members of Assembly,
JAS. A. McKEAN
of Smethport.
C. V. MERRICK,
of Bradford.

For Jury Commissioner,
A. M. MARSH,
of Bradford.

BRYAN is the strongest Democrat in the field for the next presidential candidate for his party. But Hearst is not discouraged by that fact. Hearst believes that in the next National Convention of the Democracy he will be a formidable factor. He is an irregular Democrat. Bryan is "regular."—Bradford Era.

THE Prohibition campaign committee met at Mt. Jewett Monday and nominated H. R. Hilton of Port Allegany for Member of Assembly. The party has postponed making the other nomination for the present. Mr. Hilton, the nominee, is a popular and highly esteemed resident of Port Allegany, is prominent in business circles, being president of the Mountain district Window Glass Manufacturers' Association. He is interested in church and temperance work and no doubt his popularity will bring him many complimentary votes from members of other parties.

KEYNOTE for Pennsylvania Republicans: Stand pat. The last session of the Legislature gave us all the reform laws we could expect. The State Treasury, after having had the lid lifted, was found to be perfectly sound and all the State finances in good order, reflecting credit on the last Republican State Treasurer. The Republican party of this State is a more representative organization to-day than ever before in its history. Pennsylvania politics are cleaner than ever; Tioga county has never had such campaigns as during the last three or four years—free from boodle and boss dictation. The leaven of reform is working within the party.—Wellsboro Agitator.

HON HENRY W. PALMER of Wilkes-Barre is one of the ablest members of the Pennsylvania delegation in Congress. It should be gratifying to every citizen of the great County of Luzerne, regardless of party, to be represented by such a man in the highest legislative body in the country. But at this time it looks very much as though he would lose his seat in the next Congress although he was fairly nominated at the late Congressional Convention in that district. A Mr. Coldeigh is contesting the nomination and threatens to run as an independent candidate if he fails to secure it. It would be disgraceful to the Luzerne Republicans if they permit the defeat of even Palmer (former Atty. General of this State) by a man who could not possibly fill the position with much credit even if he had had years of experience as a legislator.

THE Bryan reception in New York last week was an enthusiastic affair. Leading Democrats were present from every section of the country and among the number was our own, Col. James M. Guffey of Pittsburg, the Democratic boss of Pennsylvania. This is his report of the political situation in this State as it was published in the leading papers. "Col. Guffey told all of his callers from other States who questioned about the situation in Pennsylvania that he believed that the Gubernatorial candidate Emery and a sweeping Democratic-Lincoln victory was a foregone conclusion. He expressed the opinion that the Democrats would gain at least seven seats in Pennsylvania in the next Congress." And this is the price we pay for a fusion governor, a man who has never interested himself in the election of a Republican in this county excepting Lewis Emory or one of his lackeys.

THE railroad rate law has gone into effect and it is believed all roads will accept the provision without a fight, thereby emulating the example of the Pennsylvania, the greatest of eastern lines. A number of complaints of railroads are now on file. The offenses alleged, however, lie under the old law and none involves the question of an unreasonable and unjust rate. It is expected, however, that this issue will soon be raised and that then the commission will be called upon to establish a new and just rate. The machinery for this procedure is described as follows: As soon as a formal complaint is made, that a rate is unreasonable, unjust discriminatory, the commission will notify the road complained of, which will be required to answer in twenty days. Then a time will be set for a hearing on both sides. The decision, of course, will depend on the particular facts in that case and will not apply generally to other roads.

Resolutions of Respect.

At a regular meeting of Clermont Lodge No. 949, I. O. O. F., held the first day of September, 1906, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Whereas, it has pleased the Supreme Ruler of the Universe to remove from our midst our late brother Robert Dick, and whereas the ultimate relation long held by our deceased brother with the members of the lodge, renders it proper that we should place on record our appreciation of his services as a brother and his merits as a man.

Therefore, be it Resolved, by Clermont Lodge No. 949, I. O. O. F., that while we bow with humble submission to the will of the Most High, we do not the less mourn for our brother who has been called from his labors to rest.

Resolved, that in the death of brother Robert Dick, this Lodge loses a member who was always active and zealous in his work as an Odd Fellow, ever ready to succor the needy and distressed of the Fraternity, prompt to advance the interest of the order, devoted to its welfare and prosperity, one that was wise in council, fearless in action and an honest and upright man whose virtues endeared him not only to the brothers of the order but to all of his fellow citizens.

Resolved, that this Lodge tender its heartfelt sympathy to the family of the deceased brother in this their sad affection.

Resolved, that charter of this Lodge be draped in mourning for thirty days, and that these resolutions be entered upon the minutes of this Lodge, a copy be sent to the bereaved family and that they be printed in the McKEAN COUNTY MINER.

BERT L. WHITEKER,
A. R. ANDERSON,
JACOB AMEND,
Committee on Resolutions.

Always Walked.

Mrs. Polly Van Pelt of Westfield, who is past ninety-three years of age, performed a remarkable feat last week. She is keeping house for James Vincent, who lives near there. On Sunday she walked to Addison, a distance of 27 miles and on Thursday returned to Westfield in the same manner. She says she has never ridden on the cars and to several inquiries as to why she didn't answered that she had always walked wherever she went and money could not hire her to ride on the railroads. She is a familiar character on the streets of Westfield, but no one has ever seen her in a conveyance of any sort.—Wellsboro Republican Advocate.

A Good Performance.

The Frank A. Robbins circus appeared at East Smethport yesterday and gave two creditable performances before two fair sized audiences. All of the acts are meritorious and many of them are sensational novelties and some of them excelling any seen here on previous occasions. A special feature of the show that deserves special mention was the excellent equestrian of Prof Herzog and his troupe of well trained horses. The acrobatic work, slack wire walking, etc., was deserving of special mention but space will not allow.

Notice to Automobilists.

Complaint has been made that auto No. 2143 was running on Main street August 26, at the rate of not less than 40 miles per hour and that other autos have been running far beyond their limits.

You are hereby notified that anyone running at the rate of more than 1 mile in 6 minutes within the limits of the Borough of Smethport, Pa., will be dealt with according to law.

EDGAR W. STRONG, Burgess.

Very Low Colonist Rates to Pacific Coast via Nickel Plate Road.

Daily until October 31st the Nickel Plate Road will sell special one-way Colonist tickets from Buffalo to principal points in California, Washington and Oregon at rate of $42.50. Good in all trains and in tourist sleepers. For full particulars write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Veterinarian at the Fair.

I will be at the McKean County Fair where I will exhibit Black Robert, the imported German coach stallion. I will also treat all horses in need of medical or surgical attendance.

M. F. HAMILTON, V. S.
Emporium, Pa.

Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

Cows for Sale.

I have several fine Jersey cows for sale. Inquire of John D. Abbey, near fair grounds entrance, East Smethport.

Do you want a good lawn swing? We are closing out our line at cost. They are O. K. Price $6.00. Holmes & Gilfillan.

HORSE SALE

A carload of Western Horses will be sold at public AUCTION to the Highest Bidder at

E. W. JONES' LIVERY,

Opposite Court House,

SMETHPORT, PA.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 8

These horses are all halter broken and will weigh from 1000 to 1400 pounds.

Terms of Sale: Cash or Approved paper.

JOHNSON BROTHERS

SEE THE GROWTH OF THE

People's Mutual Life Insurance Association and League.

NUMBER WRITTEN TO		GROSS ASSETS
January 1, 1904	650	$ 4,188.24
January 1, 1905	9,458	11,608.70
April 1, 1905	13,217	40,259.68
July 1, 1905	17,494	87,890.99
August 1, 1905	19,013	100,307.66
September 1, 1905	20,530	118,546.91
October 1, 1905	21,930	138,080.15
November 1, 1905	23,561	158,278.80
December 1, 1905	25,423	182,853.90
January 1, 1906	**27,255**	**222,918.83**

Claims Paid to Date, $36,343.00.

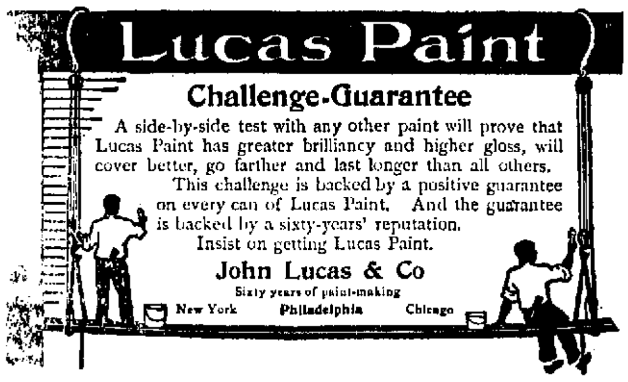
IT PAYS at the end of each Five Years from $125 to $1,000.
IT PAYS from $5 to $20 per week to Disabled Members.
IT PAYS at Death from $100 to $800, no matter how soon it occurs.
IT PAYS for loss of an eye, arm or leg, from $50 to $400.
IT PAYS for the loss of two members twice the above amount.
IT PAYS you if you live; it pays you if you are sick.
IT PAYS you if you are hurt; it pays the beneficiary if you die.

OUR PLAN:

THE ASSOCIATION ISSUES FOUR CERTIFICATES, NAMELY:

	COST PER MONTH	WEEKLY BENEFIT	PAYMENT AT DEATH	DOUBLE ACCIDENT	SINGLE ACCIDENT	DIVIDEND END 5 YRS.
No. 1	$1.00	$ 5.00	$100.00	$100.00	$ 50.00	$125.00
No. 2	2.00	10.00	200.00	200.00	100.00	250.00
No. 3	3.00	15.00	300.00	300.00	150.00	375.00
No. 4	4.00	20.00	400.00	400.00	200.00	500.00

People's Mutual Life Insurance Association and League.
Syracuse, N. Y.



Lucas Paint

Challenge-Guarantee

A side-by-side test with any other paint will prove that Lucas Paint has greater brilliancy and higher gloss, will cover better, go farther and last longer than all others.

This challenge is backed by a positive guarantee on every can of Lucas Paint. And the guarantee is backed by a sixty-years' reputation.

Insist on getting Lucas Paint.

John Lucas & Co
Sixty years of paint-making
New York Philadelphia Chicago

WANTED AN ENERGETIC MAN OR WOMAN TO REPRESENT US

in every town, selling our Coffees, Teas, Baking Powder, Spices and Extracts. **Large cash commissions.** Special inducements given your customers. Our salesmen are making $20.00 to $50.00 a week permanently. If you wish to get into this money making business, giving it all your time, or to handle same in connection with your other work, write to us at once. Only one representative selected in each locality. Applicants must furnish references.

R. B. ROPE, MANAGER, 601 LOUISIANA ST., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Westbrook Commercial Academy

A PROGRESSIVE, RELIABLE SCHOOL.

ITS TWENTY-FIFTH YEAR will open in September. Prospective students should arrange in advance for the attendance is limited. Special combined course scholarships issued thro June and July. Send for catalogue and list of graduates who have secured positions within the past year. E. D. Westbrook, Principal,
Olean, N. Y.

School Going

Will soon be in order and this fact suggests calling your attention to our special prices on school clothes and shoes.

Knee Pants Suits

4 to 16 year sizes, a large variety of fabrics at prices that will surprise you. You can judge the kind of clothes we sell by the way your neighbor talks. School shoes and a whole outfit for the boy at surprising low prices.

LOOK HERE BEFORE YOU BUY.

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

---

10 & 15c Ladies Home Journal Patterns 10 & 15c

PRE-INVENTORY SALE. . . . .

On and after this date until further notice I will sell all goods in my store at a discount of 10 per cent to reduce stock; flour, sugar and butter excepted.

My stock of merchandise is complete in every particular, and this is a rare opportunity for cash buyers.

COME EARLY AND AVOID THE RUSH.

D. C. YOUNG
SMETHPORT, PA.

June 25, 1906.

Everything New, Stylish Up-to-Date in Merchant Tailoring,

G. W. SHILLENN
THE LEADING TAILOR.

IF YOU LOOKING FOR

GOOD GOODS and HONEST DEALINGS

Don't forget to call on us for GROCERIES and PROVISIONS.
Don't forget to get a sack of our SEARCHLIGHT FLOUR.

Try some of Heinz's DILL PICKLES and a bottle of CATSUP and many other things too numerous to mention.

Also agents for LIPTON'S CELEBRATED TEAS and COFFEES. Also fresh BALTIMORE OYSTERS arriving daily. Finest in town.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

IF YOU WANT THE BEST

DRUGS AND MEDICINES

WE CAN SUPPLY THEM

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY AND ACCURATELY COMPOUNDED

MANY NEW NOVELTIES, Etc.

H. C. WELLS

The Lindholm Co.

LAST DAYS OF THE CLEARING SALE.

Friday and Saturday are the last.

Snap No. 1.	Snap No. 2.
Sateen Underskirts made right. Price	School Hose The 15c kind
Lowest ever $1.19.	Best Ever 10c.

WATCH THIS SPACE NEXT WEEK.

The Lindholm Co.

BOTTLING UP THE SUMMER'S SWEETS

Don't take long chances on your fruit spoiling by using old jars with faulty caps and worthless rubber rings. New ones cost too little now days to run any risk. Rubber rings can be used in safety only once—even though the jars and caps are perfect. We have the genuine MASON PATTERN GLASS TOP JARS in pints, quarts and half gallons. Every jar has been carefully looked over and we guarantee each and every one perfect when they leave our store.

WHEN YOU THINK OF HARDWARE THINK OF

REDFIELD,

Hamilton Block Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 6, 1906.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Civil court next week.

—The Fair is a hummer.

—Dance at the Lyceum to-night.

—The Lindholm Company are offering two snaps in their ad in this issue.

—Gents furnishings are advertised by Fry & Comes at one-quarter reduction.

—The Baptist Allegany River Association met at Port Allegany on Tuesday and Wednesday.

—Three jolly crowds of young people enjoyed corn roasts at the Beckwith farm last Friday evening.

—The Smethport High School baseball team are playing ball with the Port Allegany High School team at Kane Field this morning.

—Manager Clark of the Lyceum has cancelled the engagement of the Conroy Bros. Minstrels which were to have appeared here to-morrow night.

—Conroy's Minstrels will be the attraction at the Lyceum Friday evening and Hoyt's "A Bunch of Keys" will occupy the boards next Monday evening.

—Miss May Choate entertained a number of young people at her home on King street with a corn roast at 6 o'clock on Saturday. A jolly time is reported.

—Mrs. Ada Cable, editor of the Bradford Herald, was last week elected vice president of the International League of Press Clubs at the annual convention held in Denver.

—The world's pacing record was broken at Readville, Mass., last Friday by Ecstatic, who paced a mile in 2:01¾, a second faster than the previous record for a matched race.

—At the Baptist church next Sunday Rev. T. D. Ware will preach on "Salvation by Union with Christ" which is the tenth of a series, at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. and Christian Endeavor at 6:30 p. m.

—V. Perry Carter, an old and highly respected resident of Friendship, died at his home in that place one day last week. At one time Mr. Carter was an extensive lumberman in this county and was quite well known in Smethport.

—At the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Jane Duntley, in Keating township, Rev. J. H. McCandless of St. Luke's church, on Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, pronounced the words which united in marriage Mr. Charles Hartmayer of Buffalo and Miss Emma Louise Duntley of Smethport. Owing to the illness of the bride's mother it was only witnessed by a few. Mr. and Mrs. Hartmayer are on a short honeymoon trip and after Oct. 1, 1906, will be at home in Buffalo. The MINER joins with the many friends in extending congratulations.

—At St Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sermon on St. Matthew 18: 11. Sermons on Friday evenings at 7:30 o'clock.

—If the new company which has purchased the Ceres Window Glass plant find that their new machines are as the preliminary tests show them to be, the largest window glass plant in the world will be erected at Ceres.—Bolivar Breeze.

—After Joe Gans, the colored marvel of the prize ring and "Battling" Nelson, the Danish gladiator, had fought 42 rounds at Goldfield, Nev., Tuesday, the contest was given to Gans on a foul. It was a great exhibition of physical endurance.

—County Chairman C. W. Catlin of the Republican county committee has opened quarters in Bradford and has appointed M. L. Willis of Bradford and W. A. Anlorfer of this borough as secretaries, and A. L. Risden of Kane, treasurer.

—Johnson Bros. will have a carload of Western horses at Jones' livery on Saturday which will be sold at auction. These sales are usually attended by many and the class of horses are well known. See the advertisement in another column.

—The annual convention of the McKean County Sabbath School Association will convene in the M. E. church of this borough on Monday and Tuesday of next week. W. G. Landis and Miss Ermina O. Lincoln, State Sunday School workers, are expected to be present and an interesting program has been arranged.

—At a meeting of the United States Window Glass Manufacturers' association at the Fort Pitt hotel in Pittsburg Wednesday, it was unanimously decided not to start the fall fire before October 15 "to permit the country to absorb the surplus glass on hand." Nearly 1,000 pots were represented at the meeting, and it was decided that an assessment of $25 per pot be imposed and placed in the treasury as an evidence of good faith.

—Out in Bremer county, Iowa, girls who are employed in weeding sugar beets are accustomed to wearing overalls instead of skirts on account of the freedom it gives them in movement while at work. Some Puritanical persons object to this mode of dress on the grounds that it robs the girls of their natural modesty and the girls object to going back to the skirt. Must the overall go? That is now the question which is paramount and its proper solution may mean the success or failure of the beet industry in Bremer county.

—The Gilmour & LaTour Stock Company are showing before fair sized audiences under tent on the corner of King and Fulton streets. Monday evening the company was handicapped by the late arrival of baggage and poor lighting but since then everything has been moving all right and the performances are pleasing the people.

—A freak radish, which grew in the garden of Mrs. Hattie Aumann of Maurus street, is being exhibited at the Farmers Hotel. The radish has the shape of a hand, having roots resembling the thumb and fingers, and also show a likeness to a wrist and arm. The radish measures about 19 inches long.—Elk Enterprise.

—John Lunn, who has been a resident of Hazelhurst for the past three years, died at his home at that place at noon Monday, August 27th, of cancer of the stomach, aged 68 years. The deceased is survived by his widow and a large family of grown up children, including Mrs. Ward Raymer of this borough. The interment was made at Jeanette, Pa.

—At East Olean recently a horse which was being tethered in a pasture, strayed across the road A party came speeding along in an auto, and failed to notice the rope lying across the road. The horse was frightened and started to run pulling the rope taut. The auto, going at a 20-mile clip, hit the rope throwing the horse several feet in the air. The animal landed on his head and broke his neck.

—A special from Beaver Falls, dated Sept. 1, says: As Miss Anna Montgomery was decending the stone stairway of the Carnegie library Thursday evening, she almost stepped on a copperhead snake, coiled on one of the steps. She screamed and ran out into the street. The snake was killed. It measured over three feet. How it got on the steps of a public building in the most frequented part of the town is a mystery.

The B., B. & K. railroad, or narrow gauge, which has run for the past twenty-five years between Kane and Bradford, ceased to exist last Sunday evening when the last trip was run over its lines. G. S. Burdick of Aikon purchased the last ticket, its number being 6,441. As the train wound around the hill out of Bradford many people watched its departure and a number of people rode to the top of the hill and walked back to the city.

—The health officer of Wilkes-Barre has given the following advice to mothers of that town: "Swallow foolish pride and let the children go about in bare feet, despite what the neighbors may say, if you desire to keep them healthy during the summer and make them strong for the winter." He added that he had been in all parts of the city and found no children healthier or hardier than those poverty required should be without shoes or stockings in warm weather.

—The Lock Haven State Normal School closed the most successful year in its history. Its new catalog containing 122 pages, beautifully illustrated, is now ready for distribution. This is one of the great schools of our state and affords the best available advantages for the training of teachers, fitting for college or business. Its departments of Elocution and Music are also largely patronized and thoroughly equipped. The fall term begins Sept. 10th. Address J. R. Flickinger, principal, Lock Haven, Pa.

Personal Mention.

Miss Nellie Massar was a Bradford visitor Monday.

Mrs. Otto Wetrick of Kane is visiting relatives in town.

Clifford Burlingame is in Olean on business this week.

Mrs. E. W. Jones and children were Olean visitors Monday.

Miss Nellie Massar spent Friday in Olean the guest of friends.

Charles Bates of Emporium was a visitor in town yesterday.

Mrs. Benton Ryan and child visited in Mt. Jewett over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Backus of Olean are visiting friends in town.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Anderson of Colegrove were in town Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Sheehan of Mt. Jewett are attending the fair.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Clayton Backus were in Bradford Friday and Saturday.

Mrs. Charles Brewer has gone to Westfield for a visit with friends.

Mrs. C. H. Curtis of Toledo, Ohio, is visiting her mother, Mrs. C. J. Duntley.

Mrs. Leon Grigsby of DuBois is the guest of her sister, Mrs. G. H. Denning.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Thamm and son, John, of Bradford are taking in the fair.

Major Lester Simons and Col. Matson of Bradford were visitors in town yesterday.

Mrs. Carrie G. Smith of Bradford is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Warley Gifford.

Miss Ruth Holmes returned yesterday from a visit with friends in Buffalo and Niagara Falls.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Todd and daughters, Margaret and Lucile, passed Sunday in Bradford.

Misses Stella and Effa Hinman have returned from a visit to Chicago, Cleveland and Buffalo.

Mrs. John O'Reilly and Mrs. Wm. Districk of Pittsburg are visiting friends in town this week.

Mrs. Flora Rumsey will leave Saturday for Toledo, Ohio, after passing the summer in this place.

Mrs. S. A. Powell of Ridgway is a guest at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Wright.

Rex Gorton, who is engaged in automobile work at South Orange, N. J., is home for a short vacation.

H. M. Choate was in Bradford Saturday evening where he inspected John S. Melvin Post, No 141, G. A. R.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hungiville drove to Rixford Sunday and were accompanied home by Miss Edna Burdick.

Mrs. Wm. T. Seger of New York City and Mrs. Arthur Cutler of Oneonta, N. Y., are guests of their mother, Mrs. J. C. Backus.

W. Z. Georgin, sister, Mrs. Clara Turner of State Line Mills and nephew, Mr. Hicks of Williamsport were visitors in town this week.

Miss Sylvia Lawrence, who has been in Erie for the past month, has returned home and resumed her position with the Bell Telephone Company.

Mrs. Mary Massar and daughter, Miss Nellie, and sons, Charles and Fred, attended the Jordon family reunion at Riverhurst last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Weide, who have been the guests of Miss E. L. Duntley for the past week, have returned to their home in Springville, N. Y.

Miss Nina S. Provin, who has been visiting her grandmother, Mrs. C. C. Sloan for the past two months, has returned to her school in Palmyra.

Mrs M. S. Adams and daughter, Miss Iva, of Coryville have returned home from a few weeks' visit with friends and relatives at Sandy Lake and Mill Brook.

Miss Sarah Greer returned home Saturday from an extended stay at Punxsutawney and Lindsey. She was accompanied home by Miss Bessie Quinlisk of Lindsey.

Mrs. W. O. Hamlin, daughter, Janet, and son, Allen, who have been passing the summer with Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hamlin, returned on Tuesday to their home in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. S. D. Weaver of Smethport and Mrs. W. J. Cahill of New York were in the city yesterday. Mrs. Cahill, who has been Mrs. Weaver's guest, departed last evening for her home in New York. —Saturday's Bradford Era.

Cows for Sale.

Two extra good cows for sale at a reasonable price, considering stock and breeding. A bargain for anyone wanting gentle cattle that anyone can handle For particulars inquire of

FRANK W. BACKUS.
606 E. Main St.
Smethport, Pa.

For Sale.

Good building lot opposite depot at Larabee. For further information inquire of

H. W. RUBIN,
Smethport, Pa.

Subscribe for the MINER.

LYCEUM THEATRE.

ONE NIGHT ONLY

Monday, Sept. 10, 1906

YOU CAN'T MATCH IT!

THE MUSICAL COMEDY WONDER

—HOYT'S—

A BUNCH OF KEYS.

(OR THE HOTEL)

Still Running With All Its Old Time Vigor.

TUNED TO THE MINUTE.

LOADED WITH ADVANCED FUN.

Presented in Regal Style by a Company of Consummate Comedians and, Peerless Vocalists Who Know the Value of Go-Ahead Notions.

PRICES:

25, 35, 50 and 75c.

Reserved seats on sale Saturday at Wells' Drug Store.

WM. MONHEIMER'S

Mothers or Fathers

You can find cheap clothes any where but good SCHOOL SUITS at little prices are mighty scarce nowdays. We searched the entire clothing field to find a good boy's suit whose merit would back up our good name for selling clothing. We succeeded beyond all expectations. We obtained the agency for the best made and best fitting School Suits in America. Made in ever so many plain and fancy fabrics. $3.50 buys a wonderfully good Suit and for $5 you can get a Suit that should last your boy until next spring.

At WM. MONHEIMER'S

McCALL PATTERNS 10 & 15c

ARROW COLLARS 2 for 25c

FRY & COMES.

A SALE OF MEN'S FURNISHING.

25 per cent DISCOUNT.

On Friday and Saturday of this week we offer an exceptional bargain opportunity in Men's Wear. We take this method of clearing our shelves for new fall goods soon to arrive.

Everything is included except Overalls. There's a splendid assortment of Monarch and Cluett Shirts, regularly 1.00, 1.50 and 2.00. A complete line of Underwear and Hosiery, the latest ideas in Collars and Cravats, Belts, Suspenders, etc., all at a reduction from regular prices of

1-4

FRY & COMES

Buy your WAGONS from

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

Our wagons are made of the very best material and built in our own shop by experienced men, and they will give you excellent satisfaction. Ask to see them.

We also have some bargains in second hand buggies. If you are in the market for either of these we can interest you.

We have a complete stock of Building Material at all times.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

Last Special Sala of the Season

All Summer Goods are now goin at about one-half price to close and make room for the NEW FALL GOODS now coming in.

Don't fail to see these excellent bargains.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman.

McCoy's Drug Store

—HEADQUARTERS FOR—

Globe-Wernicke Book Case

Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pen.

CLOSING OUT SALE OF DRY GOODS

I have a small line of Dry Goods which will be sold at a great reduction in price.

SALE STARTS ON FRIDAY MORNING

Everything Must Go. Come In.

J. Colegrove, SMETHPORT, PA

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Emperor and Puritan

Palmer House, 35c

20c

Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, 30c

Black Coffee 10,20,22,&35 cents

We Can Please You.

Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

When the Editor "Puffed"

By DONALD ALLEN

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There was just one reason why the Widow Bidwell refused the matrimonial offer tendered her by Editor Flint of the Weekly Clarion and Fergus County Advertiser. Editor Flint had owned and edited the Clarion for many years. He had never married because he had been too busy making up and working off his edition of 180 copies, getting up and printing auction bills, writing thrilling local notices of wood wanted on subscription and other matters connected with a weekly journal of twenty years ago. Some of his esteemed contemporaries sneeringly remarked now and then that he stole his editorials, but when it came down to writing out an auction bill they yielded him the palm.

"Auction! Auction! Auction!" read the average bill. "Take notice that on the 14th of September George Styles, farmer, will sell at public vendue all the live stock and other personal property on his farm on the Red Bridge road. Said stock consists of horses, cows, sheep and hogs and about 100 hens and geese. Sale to begin at 10 a. m., and all will go to the highest bidder."

There was no doubt about the success of the Clarion as a newspaper or about the success of Editor Flint as an editor. When he finally made up his mind to marry the Widow Bidwell, there was no doubt that he would be a success as a Benedict. He struck a snag, however. The widow had been obliged to turn to dressmaking since her husband's death, and she did not rank with the Four Hundred of the village, but she was a lover of poetry and she had dreams of poets. While this kept her grocery bill down, it interfered considerably with her getting out orders on time, and she calculated that one about offset the other.

The poetry loving widow had had fifty different poetic effusions published in the [illegible] over the nom de plume of Flossie, but Mr. Flint had received the copy with a growl, and the public had recovered from the shock each time within twenty-four hours.

The "poems" had been published to save carrying dead advertising. Mrs. Bidwell was rather surprised when the editor dropped in on her one evening and proceeded to say that he wanted her for the mistress of his house, but she soon rallied and answered that there was an insurmountable barrier between them. He didn't look like a poet. She knew what he could do in the way of an auction bill, but the man who wed Flossie must look the part. She would attend to the poetry as heretofore, but he must at least have long hair, an aesthetic face and dreamy eyes.

The editor saw at once that he couldn't fill the bill. He wore his hair short, had a fat face, and his eyes were on the lookout for delinquent subscribers instead of looking into the far away. He therefore picked up his hat and walked back to the office.

However, the iron had entered Mr. Flint's soul. He had laid his forty-year-old heart at a woman's feet, and she had spurned it. He either wanted to commit suicide or secure revenge, and after figuring up that the Clarion plant was worth about $4,000 he decided to hang on to earth. The first installment of his revenge was shown in his next issue, when he said:

"We take pleasure in informing our readers that a brother of the Widow Bidwell, who writes beautiful verse under the name of Flossie, has just died and left her a fortune estimated at $100,000. She has our heartiest congratulations."

Of course, the public read the item and of course [illegible] read it. There [illegible]

"We were mistaken," it said, "and the fortune left to the Widow Bidwell by her deceased brother in the west will go $50,000 better than at first reported. There are reports afloat that she will remove to New York city as soon as she comes into possession and buy a residence on Fifth avenue. Her poem this week is the best thing in the paper."

There were more congratulations, and the widow got deeper into the toils. It was so nice to be patted on the back and soft soaped that she couldn't bring herself to deny the reports.

Between the second and third issues of the Clarion the editor had a caller. His ostensible occupation was selling Bohemian oats to farmers at $5 a bushel and sailing mighty close to prison as a swindler, but he had the hair and face and eyes of a poet. Even the fat and healthy editor had to admit that. The caller wanted to insert a small ad. and ask about the Widow Bidwell. He had seen the notices in the Clarion about her legacy, and he wanted a few pointers.

Editor Flint praised the woman who had jumped on his bleeding heart. Aye, he spoke in highest terms of her, and even told Mr. Harold De Lisle how he could get an introduction to her. Then the third issue said:

"We had a pleasant call the other day from Mr. Harold De Lisle, who has just made a million dollars out of Pennsylvania oil. We understand that he may remain in our village for some days. Indeed, Dame Rumor is connecting his name with that of a rich and prominent widow on Chestnut street."

Mr. De Lisle was duly introduced to the Widow Bidwell. She had no sooner set eyes on him than her heart began to palpitate. The poet had come. He looked and dressed the part. He also acted it. Nothing was said of her dressmaking on the one hand nor of his oat business on the other. They talked of sonnets and poems and idyls, and the widow was not in the hotel dining room to note the quantity of corned beef and cabbage he got away with at dinner.

There was a fourth notice in the Clarion. The spurned editor hadn't much to do with auction bills just then, and he had time to keep track of affairs on Chestnut street. He had been told that Mr. Harold De Lisle was only a traveling agent for a gang of eastern swindlers, but he wasn't going to say so. On the contrary, what he said was:

"The wealthy and distinguished Mr. De Lisle is still with us, and if he has not won the heart of a Reed City lady then rumor has gone far astray. The wedding will probably be a quiet affair, and bride and groom may make a honeymoon trip to Europe."

The Bohemian oats man who looked like a poet and the widow dressmaker who really wrote rhymes were not exactly frank with each other. He never asked the name of her brother or what disease he died of. He never asked if that fortune had come or when it might be expected.

On her part, she didn't ask in what part of the Keystone State his oil well was situated or what national bank he honored with his deposits. They read the Clarion and trusted in each other.

There were more farmers waiting to buy Bohemian oats and find a crop of weeds, but still Harold De Lisle lingered. There were dresses that customers were waiting for, but still the widow's sewing machine was silent. The languidness and lethargy of looking like a poet and being a poet beat sliding down hill all hollow. The fifth "puff" in the Clarion was a send-off.

"The event of the season occurred at the Methodist church two days since," it read. "As we have all along predicted, we have lost our fairest flower. In other words, Mr. Harold De Lisle prevailed upon the charming Widow Bidwell to give him her hand and heart, and the Rev. Mr. Peters made them man and wife in a very impressive ceremony. The happy couple left for Chicago immediately after, but may return next week to prepare for the jaunt abroad."

Ten days later the bride returned and at once notified all old customers that business was to be resumed at the old stand.

Ten days later in a distant state the bridegroom was talking up Bohemian oats. They had come to an understanding about money matters. They had understood that each had played the confidence game on the other and that they hadn't $300 between them.

Editor Flint of the Clarion and Fergus County Advertiser sat down and wrote an auction bill for Farmer Jones and told him what the price for 200 copies would be, and as he found himself setting it up he found himself saying to himself:

"Oh, I don't know. I don't seem to have so much ache under my vest as I did. I shouldn't wonder if I recovered from the blow in time."

Sailor's Story of Jungle Surgery.

"There wuz this here black Kamerun savage, naked as an animal," said the sailor, "and there wuz this explorer in his pretty suit of white drillin', and there wuz a Kamerun medicine man with a headdress o' human bones. They stood under a palm tree. I sat on a log and watched 'em. The medicine man put the right arms of the savage and the explorer close together and then, flourishin' a dull lookin' knife, he nicks a vein in the white arm and then an artery in the black arm. The blood come a-gushin' and a-gushin' out of the black arm, and the medicine man scooped it up in the holler of his hand and rubbed it into the nicked white arm. He must 'a' rubbed in a pint before he closed the vein. [illegible] o' blood is what they call [illegible] and from all the veins of [illegible] of the [illegible] State [illegible] had black blood transfused into his'n eight times. That is how he stood Africa. I know it's a common thing for African explorers to go through the transfoosin' process. And I'll tell you a funny thing about it. It makes the hair thicker and darker and it darkens the skin a couple of shades."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Oldest Body of Human Being.

The oldest body of any human being reposes in the Egyptian gallery of the British museum. It is the body of a man who was buried in a shallow grave hollowed out of the sandstone on the west bank of the Nile in upper Egypt. This man must have hunted along the banks of the Nile before the time of the earliest mummied king which the museum possesses, before the time of Menes, who was supposed to have ruled Egypt at least 5000 B. C. There were previous to that time two prehistoric races, one the conquerors and the other the conquered, from which sprang the Egyptian race of the earliest dynasties. It is with these remote stocks that this man had to do. Considering the condition in which he was found, it is evident that he was associated with a late period of the new stone age of Egypt. He was buried in a characteristic neolithic grave, with his neolithic pots and instruments of flint about him. There is of course no inscription of any kind on the pots, knives or graves, all having been long before the invention of any written language.—American Antiquarian.

FAMOUS BALLET DANCERS.

Stories of La Taglioni, Fanny Elssler and Lola Montez.

It has been asserted that the grand ballet died when the famous Taglioni retired in 1845. At any rate, the ballet today is chiefly a spectacle of dress and colored limelight. Except for a very few performers, dancing as a high art has vanished.

There is no one now to set beside La Taglioni, who was the queen of the stage. Balzac introduced her into his novels. Even Thackeray condescended to notice her and declared enthusiastically in "The Newcomes" that the "young men of the day will never see anything so graceful as Taglioni in 'La Sylphide.'" At that time she was the rage. Stagecoaches and greatcoats were named after her.

La Taglioni owed her charm to a wonderful lightness and grace. Her style was rather ideal than realistic and voluptuous, as was then the vogue. The hideous ballet skirt of today she never wore, but a skirt that reached nearly to her ankles. It was one of the principles of her father, who taught her all she learned of the art, that the dancer should be modest in dress, in movement and in expression.

Another famous master, who called himself "Le Dieu de la Danse," always told his pupils to use all the coquetry they could.

Vestris, who founded the famous Vestris family, was an eighteenth century celebrity and quite remarkably conceited even for a dancer. "There are but three great men alive," he used to say, "myself, the Prussian Frederick and Voltaire." (It is interesting to compare Southey's remark that a male dancer deserves to be hamstrung.) That profession of which he was so proud is indeed an arduous one. Vestris used to practice for about six hours a day. A dancer must be extremely strong and supple.

A curious story is told about Fanny Elssler, a German dancer with coal black hair, which illustrates the extreme muscular strength a dancer requires. She was crossing to America when she entered her cabin one day and discovered a thief abstracting the jewel case which she kept hidden under her pillow. Before he could attack her she planted her foot full in his chest and killed him on the spot.

It is curious that no Englishwoman has ever achieved supreme success as a dancer. It is possible, as foreigners assert, that they lack the dramatic gift. It is certain that a lifelong devotion and arduous apprenticeship are essential to any expression through the medium of dancing. The "rats," the beginners at the Paris Opera, are articled for five years, and then, unless they have danced from their cradle, they cannot hope to attain the first rank.

Another quality essential to the great dancer is infinite patience. The only English dancer who ever gave promise of attaining the front rank failed in this respect. "Lola Montez" was the somewhat foreign name she had taken. She lost her temper one day with the manager at rehearsal and expressed her feelings so dramatically as to break an umbrella over his head. Managers will endure much for art's sake, but this was too much.

Carlotta Grisi is another famous name of the old opera. It was she who first introduced the polka into England—a Bohemian dance that came to stay. It was for her, too, that Heine, Gautier and Adolphe Adam collaborated in writing "Giselle."

There were a score more famous names that were familiar words in those days. Of the twelve leading dancers engaged at the King's theater in 1824 for a two months' season five were a sufficient attraction to receive more than £1,000 each.—London Mail.

A Terrible Punishment.

Herr Hager, a wealthy and absent-minded banker who lived in Berlin many years ago, frequently had watches picked from his pocket. At first he had recourse to all kinds of safety chains; then one day [illegible] At [illegible], on retiring from business, he took [illegible] A watch [illegible] exploded in a man's hands. The hands of the victim were shattered and the left eye gone. The crafty banker had filled the watch case with dynamite, which exploded during the operation of winding.

Salt and Epilepsy.

"Whenever we get a call to attend a case of epilepsy," said an ambulance surgeon at Bellevue, "we always find the patient's neck and face covered with salt. The efficiency of salt as a cure for epilepsy is evidently a relic of some old country superstition, though just what it is we've never been able to find out."—New York Sun.

Start and Finish.

"All men are created free," declared the flamboyant citizen.

"That's right," assented the sour citizen. "Marriage ain't forced on to nobody. When a feller gets spliced he does it on his own responsibility."—Pittsburg Post.

New Dish to Her.

"Did you notice the faux pas I made at the [illegible] last night?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle. "No," replied her hostess. "I seen you workin' over the chafin' dish, but I thought you was makin' a Welsh ra'bit."—Chicago Record-Herald.

There is no policy like politeness, since a good manner often succeeds where the best tongue has failed.

The actor works when he plays and the musician plays when he works.

DUDES OF OTHER TIMES.

Dress of a Dandy of the Early Nineteenth Century.

A cure for the confirmed railer against modern dress might be a course of inspection through a file of old fashion magazines or the perusal of such accounts as are given by the author of "Sketches of Lynn." The description is that of a suit worn in the first part of the nineteenth century.

The boots were an important article of dress. The toes were made as broad as the ball of the foot, with the corners well rounded, giving the shoe the resemblance to the snout of a shovel nosed shark. They were very snug and required strong straps. In order to get into a fashionable pair the heel of the stocking was well soaped and some pulverized soap sprinkled into the boot. The length of time it took to get one on depended on the strength of the owner and the strap.

The stylish overcoat displayed five capes, one above the other. The trousers were expected to fit as tight as the skin. Just how they were put on is a mystery. The coat was especially snug under the sleeves, and the velvet collar screwed up the back of the head. The camlet overcoats after a little wear, became as stiff as birch bark.

The thing worn about the neck was called a stock. This name was appropriate in its suggestion of an instrument of punishment. The stock was from three to six inches high, and was made stiff. A man was forced to look straight ahead. Only by careful management could he see a little on either side. About halfway between his eyes and ears two little points of collar stuck up like toothpicks.

Ruffled bosoms and wristbands finished the costume, with the addition of a tall silk hat. When inclosed in this manner, with a dash of attar of roses on his handkerchief, the man of the period was considered irresistible.

TOO HUMBLE A HUSBAND.

Position of Prince Albert, Royal Consort of Queen Victoria.

A woman looked up with a laugh from a heavy volume she was reading.

"Now I know," she said, "why Queen Victoria was so fond of the prince consort. This husband did not merely regard his wife as his equal; he treated her as immeasurably his superior, saying that it was his duty to sink his own individual existence in hers. Listen to this letter that Prince Albert wrote to the Duke of Wellington. Here is a champion of woman's rights indeed. Don't you think, though, it is going too far for a man to humble himself so low as this?"

She then read from her book in a sarcastic voice:

> My Dear Duke—In the question whether it is advisable that I should take the command of the army I have come to the conclusion that my decision ought entirely to be guided by the consideration whether it would interfere with or assist my position of consort to the sovereign. This position is a most peculiar and delicate one. While a female sovereign has a great many disadvantages in comparison with a king, yet if she is married and her husband understands and does his duty her position, on the other hand, has many compensatory advantages and in the long run will be found to be stronger even than that of the male sovereign. But this requires that the husband should entirely sink his own individual existence in that of his wife and that he should aim at no power by himself or for himself, being content to be the husband of the queen, the private secretary of the sovereign and the tutor of the royal children.

Reading on a Train.

If you travel back and forth into town every day you no doubt read your paper or a magazine on the train. While this is not, indeed, the best practice for the eyes, it seems a pity to waste so much time which might be turned to good account. Much of the annoyance which comes from train reading is due to the jolting of the cars, which continually knocks the printed line out of focus with the eye. This can be in some degree obviated by holding a card or some other object below the line to be read and moving it steadily downward while reading. This acts as a guide to the eye and [illegible] the right line. Those [illegible]

Trade Marks on Tombstones.

In Scotland it was for a long time usual to place on a man's tombstone the symbols of his trade. Especially was this the case at Dunblane, where, in the burial ground of the abbey, it has been found that of those tombstones which are from 100 to 200 years old about one-fourth are thus marked, the symbols being in low relief. A sugar cane may be seen as showing the grave of a grocer; an ax and saw, with hammer and nails, occur on the grave of a carpenter; an awl and a hammer on that of a shoemaker. There are many other graves similarly marked.—London Answers.

Cutting Eyelashes.

An eyelash is pointed. A cut lash is blunt. A lash once cut never again becomes pointed. Every lash lives a variable time and then falls out to be replaced by a fresh one. When a cut lash so falls the newcomer is pointed. So any mischief resulting from cutting the lashes will be remedied by time. Opinions differ as to whether lash cutting promotes growth. That it renders the lashes unsightly is very certain.

A Lengthy Drop.

Mrs. Portly-Pullington (proudly)—We can trace our ancestry back to one of the Saxon kings.

Visitor—Indeed?

Mrs. Portly-Pullington—Oh, dear, yes! We have been descending for generations.—Puck.

I don't want to brag, but I've got my health and my friends, so what on earth more do I want?—Deland.

RED OR GREEN.

Color Troubles of the Color Blind Poet, Whittier.

It is well known that the poet Whittier was color blind and unable to distinguish red from green. He once bought for himself a necktie which he supposed to be of a modest and suitable olive tint and wore it once. He never wore it again, for his friends soon made him aware that it offended against the traditional quietness of costume enjoined alike by the habits of the Friends and by his own taste. The tie was of flaming scarlet.

On another occasion, when he found a little girl in distress on account of a new gown made over from her older sister's, which was not becoming to her [illegible] and complexion, he tried to console her. [illegible] Mary [illegible]

Unfortunately, Mary was not [illegible]

Once, [illegible] engaged in conversation, Mr. Whittier approached [illegible] near [illegible] safety to a place where blasting was going on. The danger signal was shown, but neither Friend noticed it until a workman, violently waving his arms and shouting, leaped before them and warned them back.

"I didn't see the flag at all," said Mr. Whittier's companion.

"I saw it," rejoined the poet, with a twinkle in his eye, "but I thought it was in honor of St. Patrick. Thee knows my defect. I can't tell Erin from explosions except by the harp!"—Youth's Companion.

Perpetual.

"You always appear to be worried about your housekeeping," remarked the sympathetic friend.

"But really," replied the housekeeper, "there are only two occasions when I am really worried. One is when I haven't a servant and the other is when I have."

At the Art Museum.

Her Husband—That statue isn't true to nature. His Wife—What's wrong with it? Her Husband—Why, it represents a woman sitting still, saying nothing.—Columbus Dispatch.

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Wm. H. Berry.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—I. B. Brown

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. P. Devlin, Bradford.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, Rixford and Leon Curtis, Farmers Valley.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. I. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—James A. McKean president; Mrs. Lena Hyde secretary; Alfred Hagberg, A. A. Abbey, J. F. Rooney, James Herriman, J. C. Cunningham, G. H. Denning.
Justices—H. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—H. C. Young, president; F. B. Gallup, treas.; W. F. Specht, sec'y.; John B. Eastman, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—A. H. Kidder, J. A. Swanson, [illegible] E. Teal
Judge of Election—[illegible]
Inspectors of Election—[illegible]

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at [illegible] o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
HORACE H. REDFIELD, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
E. W. STRONG, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 2273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. H. CLEVELAND, Chief Patriarch.
G. B. BARBER, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 3 p. m in the Odd Fellows Hall.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. R FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDER, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rc. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 35, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOOREHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree and Monday; [illegible]
A. A. ABBEY, [illegible]

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 p. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m.. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2.30. All are invited. Seats free.

[illegible]

Pennsylvania

RAILROAD

Time Table—Taking effect May 27, 1906

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Johnsonburg, Erie, Ridgway, Falls Creek and Pittsburg 10:10 a m week days.
For Clermont, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington 7:10 p m week days.
For Larabee, Olean, East Aurora and Buffalo 9:18 a m 2:35, 4:03 p m week days.
For Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington via Larabee 9:18 a m week days.
For Rochester 2:35 p m week days.

W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent

KUSHEQUA ROUTE

Trains Leave Smethport at

7:35 a m for Bradford via B B & K, and Punxsutawney via B R & P
9:25 a m for Bradford via B R & P
11:50 a m for Pittsburg via B R & P
2:35 p m for Bradford and Buffalo via B R & P
5:15 p m for Bradford and Kane via B B & K and DuBois via B R & P

Trains arrive at Smethport at

8:35 a m from Bradford and Kane.
10:25 a m from DuBois.
12:50 p m from Buffalo and Kane.
3:30 p m from Bradford and Pittsburg
6:15 p m from Bradford and Kane.

C. H. G[illegible], Agent

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time table in Effect June 3rd, 1906, Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport via Kushequa Route daily except Sunday at 7:35 a. m., 11:50 a. m., 2:35 p m and 5:15 p. m.

Arrive	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bradford	9:00	12:25	6:00
Mt. Jewett	7:25	10:54	4:30
Kane	8:55	0:30	6:10
Leave	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bradford	6:50	1:20	4:35
Kane	6:50	10:20	8:55
Mt. Jewett	8:20	2:55	6:05

Arriving at Smethport at 8:35 a. m., 12:50 p. m. and 6:15 p. m.

Connections at Bradford with Erie, B., R. & P. Ry. and Penna. Ry. and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. and Penna. R. R.

A. B. CAMPBELL, Genl. Supt. Bradford.
R. S. BULLIS, Gen. Pass. Agt.

The Pittsburg Shawmut & Northern R. R

Effective Nov. 26, 1905

MAIN LINE.

PM	PM	AM		AM	PM	AM
	6:25	8:14L	Hornellsville	A9:36	5:59	
	6:36	8:26	Arkport	9:25	5:48	
	f	f	Burns	f	f	
	6:47	8:36	Hornellsville Jc	9:14	5:37	
	6:54	8:42	Canaseraga	9:07	5:30	
	6:59	8:48	Garwoods	9:02	5:25	
	7:10	8:59	Swains	8:48	5:16	
	7:28	9:17	Birdsall	8:29	4:57	
	7:53	9:39	Angelica	8:05	4:33	
	8:22	10:02	Friendship	7:37	4:05	
	8:54	10:45	Bolivar	L7:05	3:29	
5:40		11:36	Olean		2:52	10:29
6:27			Eldred			9:56
6:50			Larabee			9:28
7:18			Smethport			9:00
8:00			Mt. Jewett			8:12
9:50		L7:23	St. Marys		A4:50	L6:20
		10:07	Shawmut		2:11	
		A10:42	Brockwayville		L1:30	
PM	PM	AM		AM	PM	AM

Hornellsville and Wayland Branch

PM	AM	AM		AM	PM	PM
3:30	11:00	7:10L	Wayland	A10:35	3:02	6:58
3:36	11:06	7:25	Perkinsville	10:29	2:56	6:52
3:44	11:13	[illegible]	Rogersville	10:22	2:49	6:45
3:47	11:17	7:36	Stony Brook Glen	10:18	2:45	6:41
4:00	11:30	7:50	Hornellsville Jc	10:06	2:33	6:29
f	f	f	Burns	f	f	f
4:11	11:41	[illegible]	Arkport	9:54	2:21	[illegible]
4:22	[illegible]	[illegible]	Hornellsville	A9:43	2:10	[illegible]
PM	AM	AM		AM	PM	PM

All [illegible] except Sunday.

[illegible] trains stop on signal [illegible]

[illegible], General Supt. St. Marys, Pa.
[illegible], Gen. Pass. Agt

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, April 23, 1906.

Trains leave Port Allegany for Coudersport, Ulysses and intermediate stations at 6:50 a. m., 11:30 a. m., 2:15 p. m., 5:10 p. m. and 7:12 p. m.

Trains leave Coudersport for Port Allegany at 4:10 a. m., 8:30 a. m., 1:50 p. m., 4:15 p. m. and 6:00 p. m.

Trains leave Ulysses for Coudersport and Port Allegany at 7:20 a. m. and 3:45 p. m.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

THE
NEW YORK WORLD
THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.

Almost a Daily at the Price of a Weekly.

The Presidential campaign is over but the world goes on just the same and it full of news, just as it is—promptly and impartially—all that you have to do is to look in the columns of the Thrice-a Week Edition of the New York World which comes to the subscriber 156 times a year.

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Tri-Weekly Tribune
one year for

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars

AN EPIDEMIC

By

Martha McCulloch-Williams

Copyright, 1906, by C. H. Sutcliffe

"I have my opinion," Mrs. March said impressively, "of folks that don't know no more'n to give a candy pull. You don't go to it, Louiza; not one step. I've brought you up genteel and genteel you've got to stay while you stay with me and your pa."

"H'mp! That's likely to be always the didoes you cut up," her spinster sister-in-law, Miss Mary-Bet, sniffed. "Patience knows, if I had a girl like Louiza, comin' on twenty-one, and four more a-crowdin' her, I'd be glad and thankful of any chance to show her off. And I'd like to have you tell me what there is against a candy pull? Dear knows, I've seen better'n you at 'em an' havin' a mighty good time."

Miss Mary-Bet had "means;" hence her outspeaking. Squire March had charged his wife never to argue with her. Therefore that lady contented herself with a mild retort.

"I can't say as it's real sinful, unless they mean to have playin' afterward. And I hope you don't think I hold with them kissin' games."

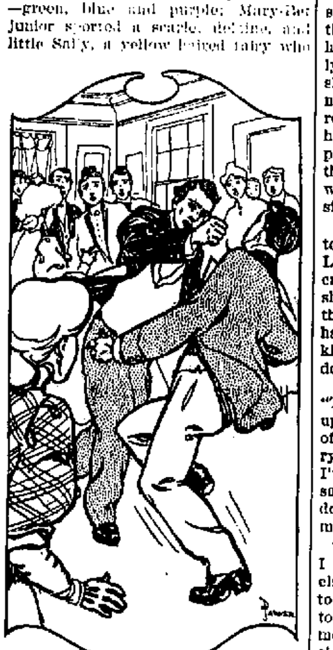
"I don't know but you'd better," Miss Mary-Bet said ruminatively. "I say let Louiza go, and Mary-Bet and Sally too."

"My! That would be a team of Marches," Mrs. March said, drawing down the corners of her mouth.

Miss Mary-Bet got up decisively. "There's goin' to be four Marches," she announced. "I'm goin' myself. I know the Peterses would 'a' asked me if they hadn't thought it wasn't worth while. And I'm goin' to take my nieces and buy 'em a new frock and ribbons and shoes. Don't you say a word, Hannah! One old maid in the family is more'n enough."

Mrs. March gasped; she was past speech. Miss Mary-Bet was commonly so close with her money her present liberal mind was in the nature of a miracle. But if she repented it she held fast to her word and trotted off a week later to the Peterses in the highest possible feather.

Louiza was gorgeous in a plaid frock—green, blue and purple; Mary-Bet Junior sported a scarlet delaine, and little Sally, a yellow haired fairy who



THE NEXT MINUTE HE MEASURED HIS LENGTH ON THE CARPET.

looked like a changeling among her high colored brunette sisters, was in robin egg with little reliefs of white.

Miss Mary-Bet herself was a picture of elegance in a span new black silk. Mrs. March declared it was tempting providence to wear such a thing where molasses candy was so to abound, but Miss Mary-Bet had only tossed her head and marched off with it something higher than usual.

She was rising forty, also fat and fair. Her sharp tongue and masterful ways had kept men rather in awe of her. Now that youth was past she began to see that the world wagged mainly for married folk, so she had made up her mind to marry off her nieces out of hand in spite of their mother.

Louiza was not much of a problem. She was so kindly and sweet spirited, withal so much a born economist, at least three personable widowers were thought to be on tenterhooks about her, each waiting the lucky chance that would let him speak his wish. All of them would be at the candy pull, and each should have his chance.

"Miss Mary-Bet had cautioned Louiza not to be precipitate. "Don't let any man have it to throw up to you that you couldn't get anybody else," she had said. "You just listen to all of 'em and say you gotter have time to make up your mind. Then you can take your pick. Shucks, don't tell me you won't get it! You'd 'a' been married long ago if your ma'd had the sense of a goose. She's kept you tied right to her apron string and never let anybody name courtin' that she wasn't right there to stop the whole thing."

Mary-Bet Junior was a handful even without the red frock. Her godmother was none too fond of her—they were too nearly off the same piece. The most eligible of the widowers had shown symptoms of wavering whenever he found himself in Mary-Bet Junior's vicinage—he was under thirty.

If Louiza had the bad taste to prefer one of the others, Miss Mary-Bet reflected, the wandering and wavering might be turned to account. Henry May could hardly be called a real widower—he had but married his sweetheart on her deathbed for the privilege of soothing her last fevered hours. That was five years back, so he had been wonderfully constant. It was only this last year that he had been seen anywhere but at church.

Sally's blue eyes were still those of a child—at least to the casual glance. Looking to their depths, there was something more. Sally had light, small feet and moved like thistledown in summer airs. When the playing began she was the star. She had not shone in the candy pulling; it was hard work, and, besides, she hated her pulling partner, Sandy Roberts. It made her almost sick to touch hands with him in the folding of their candy skein. After the first time she had let go the candy, thereby giving Sandy a fall or so. He meant to get even with her in the playing by choosing her out of the very first ring and kissing her not once, but many times.

Possibly Sally suspected as much. Certainly she fought shy of any ring where he stood up. Since he was a fine singer and a ready leader, that cut her out of many things, but she did not very much mind. Silas Venn, the oldest and staidest of the widowers, somehow took her under his protection and saw to it that she was not lonesome. Miss Mary-Bet chuckled to see it.

"Thinks he's same as in the family and bein' good to little Sis," she said to herself, adding after a breath, "but, unless I miss my guess, he's goin' to get the sack. Louiza looks like she plum' wrapped up in John Trotter; he's been tellin' her all about the circuses he's went to ever since the call come to pull candy."

Evidently John was much flattered. He talked on and on through "Swing Old Liza," through "Mister Bluster," through "Oats, Peas, Beans and Barley" and to the beginnings of "Snap."

"Snap" forbids conversation, albeit it is destitute of singing. Louiza was a beautiful runner, a swift and sure catcher. What need to add that she was ruthlessly snapped on to the floor almost as soon as ever she sat down?

Sandy Roberts, in especial, got her out whenever he could, and since he was the life of the game that was very often. But when, in the course of play, she became part of the stump, he thought it would be great sport to get himself irregularly the pursuer of Sally. He caught her, of course, although she made him pant for it, and would not let her go until he had given her a resounding smack. The next minute he measured his length on the rag carpet. Silas Venn's fist had sent him there, and Silas himself stood over him with eyes that said plainly, "Come outside and settle it."

Then something happened; something to talk about for at least a generation. Louiza, the meek and mild, the gentlest creature living, flew at Silas in a rage, shook him hard and whirled him aside, then stooped over the prostrate Sandy, half sobbing: "If—if he hurt you; I'll kill him! Get up, Sandy, darlin'. I don't care who knows now."

Sandy rose to his feet, to the occasion. "There's a mix got to be straightened up, folks," he said, catching tight hold of Louiza's hand. "We're goin' to marry next week, if we have to run away. I've been waitin' and waitin' till she said I might tell the old folks. They don't like me, but they'll have to lump me."

"Sandy, I beg your pardon! Shake! I thought you were after somebody else," Silas Venn said joyously, edging to Sally's side. "I'm goin' to speak out, too," she said. "If Sally won't have me I'll stay a lone widower till the end o' my days. How is it, little gal?"

"Humph! Look at her face. She's been lovin' you since she saw you cry so at your wife's buryin'," Mary-Bet Junior, the irrepressible, broke in. "And I ain't ashamed to say I've loved Henry just as long. He—he's just now found it out. But it's all comin' right"—

"Except for me," John Trotter interrupted, crestfallen.

John was thirty-seven, if he did admit to only thirty-three. He had, moreover, a flock of girl children. That was why Louiza had been set down as much his special benefaction. He looked speculatively at Miss Mary-Bet. After all, she didn't show the five years between them.

"I wonder if you'd look at a fellow my size and shape," he murmured under breath.

Miss Mary-Bet shook her head at him, but said in his own key: "It must be marryin' is catchin', same as measles. Come, and let's talk it over some other time."

What Is an Abrash?

This question is answered in a most interesting manner by George Leland Hunter in an article entitled "The Truth About 'Doctored' Rugs" in Country Life In America. He writes: "Abrash is a most interesting word. In Persia if father, son and grandson have Roman noses, then a Roman nose is the abrash of that family. If gluttony is characteristic of generation after generation, then is gluttony the hereditary abrash. If it is a strawberry mark on the left shoulder, then the strawberry mark is an abrash. The abrashes of a rug are the stripes or bands that run parallel or entirely across the pile. When seen for the first time by Americans accustomed to admire and insist on the deathlike uniformity that characterizes machine products abrashes are apt to impress them as defects, particularly if wide. It takes experience and acquaintance with the art industries to grasp completely the significance and artistic value of individuality."

MONDAY MORNING.

Is It a Bad Time to Approach a Man on Business?

"Come in and see me Monday morning and we'll talk it over," said Gassaway, but Binks replied:

"Couldn't you make it Tuesday morning or Monday afternoon?"

So it was arranged for Tuesday morning. Binks turned from the telephone to me with a smile, saying:

"I'm glad he didn't make it Monday morning. We would never come to a conclusion then. You see," he continued, noting my surprise at such a statement, "Monday morning is the morning after Sunday. Never approach a man on business on Monday morning.

"I can't explain why it is, but every man goes to his office on Monday morning with a grouch. I suppose it's because he's been resting up all day Sunday and sort of hates to tear himself away from it. Anyway, I know it is so.

"Take your own case. I've known you many years, and whenever you meet me Monday morning I notice that you are yawning, taciturn and unsmiling. You had a good Sunday no doubt. Either you rested to beat the band or played golf or did something. Anyway, that took your mind off your business cares. Then you went to bed rather early, all prepared to get up early Monday. When the clock went off you were miserable after rising, and when you did get up you were ugly to everybody. It's the same way with all of us. We rest too hard Sundays. Instead of just relaxing a little we let everything of the week go and fall all to pieces in doing what we call recovering. It's the great American habit.

"That's the reason we have 'blue Mondays.' Some day, I suppose, we'll learn how to rest over Sunday without completely disorganizing our work for Monday. If we don't I think it would be a good idea to cut Monday out of the business week and begin on Tuesday."—New York World.

READING THE TREE.

How the Forester Gets Its Life History In Detail.

The forester reads the history of a tree in great detail, says the American Magazine. After taking out a few "borings" to the center of the tree at different heights and counting the rings on them he may spin you such a yarn as this:

"This tree is 150 years old (150 rings at the base). During the first five years it grew only seven inches (145 rings, seven inches from the base). Evidently it then began to touch crowns with other saplings, for it took a spurt and put on fifteen inches a year steadily till it was forty years old (forty rings forty-four and one-half feet above the ground). It was not growing as fast as its neighbors, however, for at this point it began to be overshadowed, and its growth declined for the next ten years to as little as four inches a year (forty-five rings at forty-eight feet and fifty at fifty feet). Just in time to save its life something happened to its big neighbors, presumably a windstorm, and it resumed a steady growth of about six inches a year, having passed its fastest growing time. Its growth in thickness doesn't seem to have varied much, about an inch every three years. But it grew faster and faster in volume, of course, as its height increased—a little over a cubic foot a year in its prime of life, I should judge. About thirty years ago it reached maturity and stopped growing in height (thirty rings at the top of the main stem), and now it is approaching old age (the last rings are pretty thin). Hold on a minute—here's a false ring, twenty, forty, forty-six years back; two very thin rings—see—instead of one thick one; means that something interrupted the growing season, probably a late frost."

The Drug Clerk.

In the old days the drug clerk spent his spare moments in pounding leaves and barks for the production of tinctures and extracts that are now supplied by wholesale manufacturers. When he had nothing else to do he made ointment and rolled pills. The mortar and pestle were the universal sign of the trade. But the diverse modern activities of the pharmacist more than compensate for the earlier details of toil. It is still a time honored practical jest to ask the apprentice to powder ten pounds of camphor in a mortar. After sweating at his task for an hour or two he learns that camphor won't powder, though it is readily soluble in alcohol.—New York Tribune.

Some Worms Are Curious.

The most curious creature of the worm family is the diplozoon, a singular parasite which infests the gills of several species of fish, particularly the bream. Each individual diplozoon has two distinct bodies united in the middle so as to form a perfect St. Andrew's cross, each half of the creature containing precisely the same kind of organs—viz, an alimentary canal, a venous system, reproductive organs, etc.

Lucky.

"Of course, like most of your class," remarked the cynical cad, "you are superstitious. No doubt you consider the horseshoe a sign of good luck."

"It is," replied the sporting gent, "if it goes under the wire first on your horse."—Philadelphia Press.

Of Absorbing Interest.

"Aside from the principle involved and in addition thereto," remarked the great financier, "the banking business is one of absorbing interest."—Toledo Blade.

We dare not trust our wit for making our house pleasant to our friends, and so we buy ice cream.—Emerson.

EL TERREMOTO

By HONORE WILLSIE

Copyright, 1906, by P. C. Eastment

For three months now Eleanor had been on the desert edge fighting for her brother's health. At first the desperation of the struggle had kept her thoughts from straying eastward; had crammed with anxiety each moment that otherwise would have been wretched with homesickness.

But now, with the leisure that came with Jack's returning health, homesickness was beginning its inroads upon her. This made doubly hard to bear the fact that Jack was developing the fractiousness of the convalescent and that an ordinarily pacific disposition was becoming so irritable that it taxed even the devotion of this most devoted sister. On this particular afternoon he had expressed an inordinate desire for a certain brand of cigars.

"But, Jack dear," objected Eleanor, "the doctor says that you must not smoke."

"Who says I want to smoke?" growled Jack. "I just want to look at them, smell of them. I dream of them. And I want them today."

Eleanor sighed patiently. "It's five miles to town, Jacky. And though it's 4 o'clock, it's frightfully hot. Don't you want to wait until tomorrow?"

"No, of course if you don't want to do me a favor for me," replied the invalid, walking feebly across the tent to lie on a cot.

"Why, certainly I'm going, Jacky," she cried. "The heat won't hurt much, I mean," and she disappeared toward her own tent, leaving her brother looking a bit sheepish.

So now Eleanor was riding slowly along the blistering trail toward the sleepy little adobe village which boasted a single Yankee store, at which she thought she could get the cigars. She was a beautiful girl, slender of body and lovely of face, with the refinement of good blood through many generations showing in every lineament. Her dark blue eyes, shadowed by the heavy lashes, looked tired, and her figure drooped a little as if in utter weariness.

"It's getting pretty hard," she thought. "It's spring up there, with the snow melting into little rivulets, and the pussy willows out, and the wind flowers coming. Only the thought of Jack's getting well keeps me from going mad."

She started a little as a cheery halloo greeted her, and she saw riding down the trail toward her a broad shouldered, jolly chap in cowboy attire. He wheeled his mustang and rode beside her.

"I was taking a jaunt out to tell you that I have almost finished my work and must fly eastward again."

"Oh, that is too bad!" cried Eleanor.

The man's fine brown eyes beamed. "I've only known you a week," he answered, "but it's been a mighty pleasant week."

"Jack will miss you," said the girl.

The man eyed her silently. "She's wearing herself out," he thought. "I wish I could take her away from here. Burwell's nearly strong enough to go it alone now. Gads! She's a beauty!"

Eleanor wiped the alkali dust from her face and told him the reason for her trip to town.

"Rather hard on you," commented Hartley.

Eleanor smiled, but said nothing, and they rode for some distance in silence, Hartley's gaze scarcely leaving for an instant the drooping profile beside him.

"I wonder," he thought, "if she realizes that she's never told me a word of herself, who she is or—by the Lord Harry, if she'd have me I'd marry her tomorrow even if they both came from a foundling asylum."

By this time they were riding up the street of the dirty little Mexican village, whose inhabitants were too absorbed in the sight of the Americanos to move from beneath the horses' feet until urged to do so by Hartley in a patois that made up in vigor what it lacked in lucidity.

The Yankee store was the only frame building for miles around. It was owned by an enterprising Vermonter, who was making a small fortune in the lazy little town, where money went faster than it came.

Hartley tied the horses and they entered the store. Just as they stepped within the door it slammed shut violently behind them and the tremor of its impact shook the entire building. The storekeeper, the only other person in the dusky room, looked up in surprise that quickly changed to alarm. The tremor instead of ceasing increased.

"What's the matter?" he cried, running to the front of the store.

"I don't know," replied Hartley. "If I were up north I'd think it was a dynamite blast, but"—

Here the crockery in the window clattered and a roll of turkey red fell to the floor.

"It's an earthquake!" cried the Vermonter. "Come on, get out of here quick," and he made a dash for the knob. But the door was fast and immediately the floor was rocking so violently that the adobe room seemed filled with flying articles from the store shelves. Hartley suddenly pulled Eleanor toward him as if trying to shield her with his body. Then a great rumble, with continuous shocks like explosions, a fearful crash and darkness!

It had all happened in so short a space of time that Eleanor had scarcely realized that she was actually encountering an earthquake. She had been thrown violently to the ground, as the final shock came, and now she felt out in the darkness and encountered Hartley's quiet form. Almost hysterical with fright, she called to him and chafed his hands feverishly. Then came the voice of the storekeeper.

"Hello, you two in there!"

"Yes," called Eleanor weakly. "I'm all right, but Mr. Hartley seems badly hurt."

"The whole dinged front of the store has fallen in," called the Vermonter, "but I got out through a hole. Can you stay still till I get help?"

"Yes," answered Eleanor, and again she fell to chafing Hartley's hands.

It was a long and arduous task to remove the debris without injury to the prisoners beneath. The work was doubly long, owing to the fact that what few natives had not fled to the desert were hovering over their ruined adobes with wails of "El terremoto! El terremoto!" so that the storekeeper did most of the work himself.

Long before their rescue Hartley had recovered his senses and by combining their two handkerchiefs Eleanor had bound the wound in his head that seemed to be his only injury. It was twilight when they reached the street, a quiet, southern twilight, with just the edge of a great full moon coming up over the edge of the desert.

As soon as it was possible Eleanor with Hartley as guard set out for camp. She was greatly disturbed over her brother, though the natives assured her that the shock was not serious where there were no buildings.

Hartley, looking like a picturesque bandit with his bandaged forehead, was in great spirits despite his aching head. He said little until they were well out on the trail. Then he rode close up to Eleanor's pony.

"Miss Burwell," he said, "an accident like this makes us friends of about ten years' standing, doesn't it?"

"It surely does," cried Eleanor.

"Then," he went on, eagerly, "don't you think that two such old friends would safely care for each other and—and perhaps marry each other?"

Eleanor did not seem as much astonished as the short acquaintanceship might warrant. But she blushed deeply in the moonlight.

"But you don't know me and I don't know you," she said.

"Well, I'm an architect," he answered, "and I live in Chicago and"—

"Not the 'John Hartley, architect,' that all the world knows!" cried Eleanor.

"I'm afraid so," he replied, a little sheepishly.

Eleanor gasped. "My little name sinks into insignificance," she said.

Hartley looked at her suspiciously.

"You aren't E. Burwell, the illustrator!" he exclaimed.

"I'm afraid so," she mocked.

Hartley stopped the ponies and drew her close in his arms. "Whatever the names," he whispered, "we belong to one another, anyhow."

A Bible Courtship.

A young gentleman at church conceived a most sudden and violent passion for a young lady in the next pew and, felt desirous of entering into a courtship on the spot, but, the place not suiting a formal declaration, the exigency suggested the following plan: He politely handed his fair neighbor a Bible, open, with a pin stuck in the following, text, second epistle of John, verse 5: "And now I beseech thee, lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another." She returned it with the following, second chapter of Ruth, verse 10: "Then she fell on her face and bowed herself to the ground and said unto him, Why have I found grace in thine eyes, that thou shouldst take notice of me, seeing I am a stranger?" He returned the book, pointing to verse 12 of the third epistle of John, "Having many things to write unto you, I would not write with paper and ink, but I trust to come unto you and speak face to face." From the above interview the marriage took place the following week.—Scottish American.

The Geese Won.

An English gentleman once laid a wager with George IV. that geese would beat turkeys in a race. The king, thinking that such a wager was already as good as won, willingly made the bet, and the gentleman was left to choose time and place and distance. Being well acquainted with the habits of the birds he accordingly chose for the time the evening, just before sunset, and for the place the road outside the city walls and a mile for the distance. The time came and each appeared with his flock of birds and the race began. Long ere the end came the sunset and immediately, true to their instincts, as soon as the sun had quite disappeared all the turkeys flew up into the nearest tree to roost, and no persuasion could induce them to budge an inch farther, and the geese, which had been slowly toddling on behind, quietly cackled in the winners.

Moving the Well.

A New England woman once had in her employ a rosy cheeked Irish maid of all work, whose blunders afforded them amusement to compensate for any trouble she might entail. One day the owner of the place stated in the girl's hearing that he intended to have a wood house built on a piece of ground which at that time inclosed a well.

"Shure, sor," said the inquiring Margaret, "will you be movin' the well to a more convanient spot whin the wood house is builded?"

As a smile crossed the face of her employer Margaret at once perceived she had made a mistake of some sort.

"It's a fool I am, shure," she added hastily, bound to retrieve herself. "Of course whin the well was moved ivery drap of wather would run out of it!"

THOUGHTLESS TRAPPERS.

Torture to Animals and Ruthless Destruction of Game.

People who have not seen can form no idea of the suffering trappers cause nor of their ruthless destruction of game. Nothing escapes them. Even the squirrels are sacrificed to bait traps for marten and fisher, and not only the squirrels, but all kinds of birds, whether game or song birds.

In trapping mink, otter, beaver and a few other fur bearing animals the trap is nearly always set near the water, where the animal when caught can drown itself, thus ending its suffering.

But with bear, marten and fisher it is different. The bear must drag a heavy clog about until it catches in some root or bush. There he must wait until the trapper comes to kill him, and this in some cases is not for days. The bones of the leg are almost invariably broken by the trap, and the leg swells to incredible size. One trapper in one day shot nineteen large blue grouse merely to try a new rifle. The birds were nesting. He had no use for them, and not one did he even bring to camp.

Years ago in British Columbia an old trapper camped near our bear hunting party. He shot everything he could find, even little ducks and marmots. A goat he killed fell over a cliff, and as it was harder to recover it than to shoot another he shot another. He was trapping beaver out of season and boasted of having caught one that was about to become a mother.

I have seen the spot where a bear fast in a trap had been caught for more than a week in a thicket through which it was impossible to drag the trap and clog. I once knew an old French trapper who shot seventy-three moose and elk in one winter for bear bait for the spring catch. I asked why he killed so many. He said that he wanted a big stink in the spring so as to bring the bears around. All of the animals he had slaughtered for a spring stink were shot with a revolver, for they were snow bound and could not escape. He told me that he dropped five big elk in one pile. This frightful destruction by trappers has exterminated the game.—World's Work.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Don't save your money and starve your mind.

Vigorous thought must come from a fresh brain.

Tens of thousands of people fail because they love their ease too much.

"Keeping alive that spirit of youth," Stevenson used to say, was "the perennial spring of all the mental faculties."

A man may build a palace, but he can never make of it a home. The spirituality and love of a woman alone can accomplish this.

If we are contented to unfold the life within according to the pattern given us we shall reach the highest end of which we are capable.

By proper training the depressing emotions can be practically eliminated from life and the good emotions rendered permanently dominant.

Every time you crowd into the memory what you do not expect it to retain you weaken its powers and you lose your authority to command its services.—Success.

John Wesley and Beau Nash.

In a book about Bath is set forth a story about John Wesley. Beau Nash had told Wesley that his preaching in the street was not only contrary to law, but it "frightened people out of their wits."

"Sir," said Wesley, "did you ever hear me preach?"

"No," said the master of ceremonies.

"How then can you judge of what you never heard?"

"By common report," said Nash stoutly.

"Common report is not enough. Give me leave, sir, to ask, is not your name Nash?"

"My name is Nash."

"Sir," said Wesley, "I dare not judge of you by common report."

Foods That Make You Fat.

Potatoes, peas, baked beans, fats, sweets such as puddings, pies and cake—ale, beer, sweet wines and even water, when taken with meals, all conduce to obesity. But in lieu of the foregoing flesh producers one may satisfy hunger with a moderate amount of lean meats, poultry, fish; with fruits (excepting figs, dates and bananas) and with vegetables, such as spinach, string beans, eggplant, celery, beets, etc. I would recommend also that those overfat from a too rich and too generous diet abstain from much liquid at meals, but that they drink copiously of water between meals to flush their systems. Water, be it remembered, is an excellent purgative.—C. Eliot Flint in Outing.

Not Hurried Yet.

"There has never been any decisive action on that bill you introduce year after year."

"No," answered the statesman. "That bill has been of such value in giving me prominence that I should rather regret to see it removed from active controversy and buried in the statute books."—Washington Star.

His Exact Meaning.

Bellefield—What did you mean by saying that Spillins was a man of rare intelligence? That isn't the way in which he is usually regarded. Bloomfield—I mean that his gleams of intelligence are so far apart as to be very rare indeed.

A First Essay In Housekeeping.

Mr. Jones—What is it, my pet? Mrs. Jones—This rabbit (sob)—I've been plucking it (sob)—all the afternoon, and it isn't half done yet!—Punch.

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THAT PLEDGE TO BRYAN

Emery Campaign Orator Guarantees Defeat of Republican Congressmen.

DEMOCRATIC GAME IN FUSION

Gubernatorial Contest a Side Issue to Elect Members of Congress to Support Bryanite Program.

[Special Correspondence.]

Philadelphia, September 4.

Manufacturers and business men of this city have been sitting up and taking notice since that demonstration in New York over the home-coming of William Jennings Bryan.

That pledge to Bryan that Pennsylvania will show a gain of at least eight Democratic congressmen in the returns of the November election, made by one of the campaign orators in the Emery gubernatorial outfit, has opened the eyes of Pennsylvania Republicans to the dangers that lurk in the fusion movement in this state.

The loss of one Republican congressman in the Keystone state, the Gibraltar of Republicanism, with the uncertainty that exists in so many congressional districts in doubtful or debatable states, means much more in the total result than is generally understood. One vote may decide the election of the speaker of the next national house of representatives, and the Democrats may get that vote from Pennsylvania through the game that is being worked in the deal between the Democrats and the Lincolnites.

President Roosevelt, in his recent utterances in letters to members of congress and others, has sounded the alarm, and has warned Republicans everywhere to be on their guard in every congressional district so as to insure the election of members of congress, who will co-operate with his administration in carrying out the great policies which he has inaugurated—the building of the transcontinental canal, the control of the trusts, abolition of freight discriminations, restriction of immigration and the other great problems which he has undertaken to solve with the aid of a friendly congress.

Aim of the Bryanites.

When several hundred Pennsylvania Democrats journeyed to New York last week to greet Bryan they had but one thought uppermost in their minds.

It was the election of Bryan to the presidency to succeed Roosevelt. Every effort that they can put forth between now and the next presidential campaign will be directed toward that end. Their activity in the state campaign in Pennsylvania this year is but part of a general scheme, with the election of the next president as its ultimate object.

Carried away with the enthusiasm with which their surroundings filled them, the Pennsylvania Democratic contingent at the Bryan reception indiscreetly revealed the cloven foot in the fusion campaign for Emery for governor.

John M. Garman, a former chairman of the Democratic state committee of Pennsylvania, who is booked to stump the state for Emery and fusion from now until election day in the Victoria hotel, New York, away from the environment of his Emery Lincolnite fellow campaigners, threw off the cloak of the fusion conspiracy and revealed to Bryan and to the world, unwittingly, the fact that the real aim of the Democracy in Pennsylvania this fall is the election of Democratic members of congress.

Garman was spokesman for the delegation of Pennsylvanians who presented Bryan with a solid-silver shield, suitably inscribed and mounted upon a heavy old-oak escutcheon, and gaily decorated with flowers.

A Significant Testimonial.

Engraved in large script letters was the following inscription:

"The more than half a million Democrats of Pennsylvania join with
pride in the national greeting
To
"WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN,
"The most eminent private citizen of America, upon his return from a tour of foreign lands.

"THEY HAIL HIM AS THE NEXT PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

"As an indication of the attitude of the organized Democracy of the Keystone state upon this issue, they point with gratification to the unanimous adoption by the Democratic state convention, held in Harrisburg June 27, 1906, of a platform, the most noteworthy plank of which reads as follows:

"We congratulate the country upon the fact that the only prominence which the present Republican national administration has attained has been achieved by feeble and pretended application of the principles enunciated by the

"HON. WM. JENNINGS BRYAN,
"The Great Democratic Commoner,
"Who is now regarded as the certain successor of Theodore Roosevelt to the presidency."

The above reproduction from the platform adopted by the Democratic convention which nominated Emery for governor should in itself be an admonition to Republicans of the Keystone state of the great danger to the future success of Republicanism in the nation that would follow a defeat of the Republican ticket in this state this fall. They should recall how, after the two Democratic victories in gubernatorial campaigns in this state in the last 20 years the Democracy triumphed in the nation with the election of Grover Cleveland to the presidency upon each occasion.

Pledge to Their Leader.

But, added to the warning that should be contained in that plank from the state platform, comes a speech by Carman in presenting this token of esteem to Bryan.

Said Garman to the Nebraskan leader:

"We bring greetings from a united Democracy, who recognise in the demonstration of popular good will toward you an inspiration for every Democrat to look with confidence to the future.

"We at the same time are not unmindful of the importance of the election of Democrats to congress, and there is every reason to believe that we shall gain from six to eight representatives to the lower house, who will co-operate with their fellow Democrats of other states to advance the policies which you have so consistently and ably championed."

There is evidence that there has been an awakening among Republicans throughout the commonwealth to the fact that nothing must be left undone to thwart the Democrats and their Lincolnite allies in the state campaign.

COMPARISONS.

As Soon as We Begin to Make Them We Begin to Suffer.

We would not have to strive so for courage if what we vaguely call "things" were more evenly distributed among us, for no one's lot would then seem to him an evil one. If we were all humpbacked or lame or blind; if every husband were unfaithful and every child a cross; if we were all poor and no man had any more than another; if nobody's son died in his early strength and nobody was loved while we sat neglected, then who of us would know what sorrows and afflictions were? We would take each of them for granted, as a Chinaman takes his yellow skin and an Indian his red one.

It is because we see our estate differing from that of our fellows that we are tempted to comparisons, and it is in the making of these comparisons that a sense of our sorrows, like the knowledge of our afflictions, is first born. How would we have known that we were poor unless we had seen some one else who was richer or that our son was unsuccessful unless the son of somebody else were making a great mark in the world? Would our little children be unhappy with only one dress had they not seen other children with two?

It comes to this, then: When we begin to make comparisons, we begin to suffer. This may seem to be a hard saying, but it is a true one.—Lilie Hamilton French in Harper's Bazar.

STAG LEGENDS.

Ancient Stories of the Animal's Antipathy to Snakes.

There is no beast in the world to which more legendary virtues are attributed than the stag, partly owing to the tale of St. Hubert, partly to a supposed antipathy of stags toward serpents, partly to a peculiar mass of gristle in the shape of a cross which is found in the animal's heart. A whole book might be written on the miraculous power of the heart and the efficacy of different parts of him against the troubles of this evil world. Fouilloux, in the sixteenth century, gives a long list, and Master Robert Topsel fills page upon page with them, but our author in his solid English fashion is chary of accepting such stories.

Men say, he admits, that when a stag is right old he beateth a serpent with his foot till she be wroth, and then eateth her, and then goeth to drink, and then runneth hither and thither till the water and venom be moddled together, and maketh him cast all his evil humors that he had in his body, and maketh his flesh come all anew. But, he adds, with the solemnity of Herodotus himself, "Thereof make I none affirmation." And this phrase occurs again and again, for the Comte de Foix is too great and noble a hunter that any assertion of his should be laughed at.—Macmillan's Magazine.

Gambling a Religious Duty.

"Speaking of gambling," a missionary said, "I know of a sect that regards it as a religious duty, like fasting or prayer. This sect is the Hindoos. They one day in each year gamble like mad from sunrise till sunset. The day is the festival of the lamps, a day sacred to Lakshmi, the goddess of wealth. A tremendous lot of money changes hands in Lakshmi's honor. All this gambling is done to test the financial success that will attend on each person throughout the year. If a gambler loses he knows a year of hard luck is ahead of him. If he wins he knows he may expect a twelvemonth of prosperity. Strange to say, a good deal of cheating accompanies this religious gambling."

Champion Divers.

"Larry Donovan," said a professional swimmer, "made the highest dive on record. It was 210 feet—a dive from the Brooklyn bridge. Donovan also took a dive from Niagara bridge, a good 200 feet. There are no other divers in the same class with Larry. Jack Burns made a dive of 150 feet from the topmost yardarm of the Three Brothers, the largest sailing ship of its time, and Jim O'Rourke and Julius Gautier have done some good diving, too—100 feet, 125 feet, and so on—but it is doubtful if Donovan's record will ever be broken."

The Crawfish's Tail.

The tail of a crawfish serves that animal as an oar. By a peculiar jerk of the tail the animal can retire from a dangerous object with almost incredible swiftness. The tail is much more effective in moving the animal backward than forward, a singular instance of adaptation to its situation, for by means of its tail it can withdraw into its hole with such swiftness as in an instant to place it out of danger.

Disappointing.

Mrs. Justlooking—Have you any hand embroidered waists? Salesman (who has waited on her before)—I'm very sorry to disappoint you, madam, but we have.—Chicago News.

HONORS AND WORTH.

Absurdity of Titles That Descend From Father to Son.

When you find a man a most excellent runner, poet, surgeon or mariner, you give him due respect for his skill. If he is very eminent, his occupation esteemed and you chance to be some ruling power, he may receive a title. You do not confer this title because of his grandmother, and you do not make the old lady a duchess or indeed pay her any particular attention. This omission does not reflect discredit on the grandmother. It is obvious to her mind that to make her a peeress because not she, but some one else, has done something "good" would be as absurd as giving her twelve months' hard labor if he had done something otherwise.

Still less rational would it be to make the man's son a peer. The old lady has given the world this grandson. Perhaps she is in a measure the cause of his greatness, just as she might be to a certain extent responsible were he a criminal. But the son of the man did not make his father. He is not to be more greatly praised for what his father has done than for what William the Conqueror did.

The world seldom or never gives a man a title because his father earned one, but it does an equally silly thing when it allows a son to inherit such an "honor," says Home Notes.

Until a man can transmit merit it is absurd to allow him to transmit a testimonial as to merit. And, if there be no pretense of claim to exceptional worth, what solid reason can be advanced for a man receiving a designation that commands deference?

TOOTHPICKS.

A Visit to London and a Little Lesson In Etiquette.

"I ran over for a short visit to London," said a globe trotter. "On the boat was a pretty widow from Altona who disgusted and amused all hands one day by saying:

"'I am surprised that a fast and expensive boat like this should fail to supply us with toothpicks.'

"She thought toothpicks indispensable, like napkins or forks. For thinking so we set her down as a hecker. But wait.

"I dined during my visit in London at Prince's, in Piccadilly, and at the Savoy, in the room that overlooks the embankment and the river, and at the Carlton, where I paid a dollar for a plate of soup, and at all these restaurants, which are admittedly the finest and the smartest and the most fashionable in the world. At all of them there were toothpicks on the table, each toothpick done up in a sterilized envelope.

"This taught me a lesson. It taught me that it is narrow and provincial to despise people for their disregard of certain small rules of etiquette. The things we despise them for, which may be glaring errors in Seattle or New York, may be again, as like as not, the correct thing in Paris and London."—New York Press.

Egg and Bottle.

Take a boiled egg, remove the shell, have a bottle with a large neck, add a piece of paper to the neck and light it. When in blaze put the egg on it, point down, and the heat will pull the egg with great force inside. Now put again a blazed paper in the bottle and manage to have the egg in the neck point up, and the heat will push out the egg with an explosion.

Miraculous Multiplication.

A lady who recently bought a dinner service consisting of fifty-four pieces for £1 8s. was informed by her housemaid the next day that the bargain had become still more wonderful, for it now consisted of 1,125 pieces.—Punch.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 163, February Term, 1906.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Lewis Hooker did, on the 25th day of January 1906, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, May Hooker.

We therefore command you, the said May Hooker, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the first Monday of October next to answer the petition or libel of Lewis W. Hooker and show cause, if any you have, why the said Lewis W. Hooker, your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., September 5, 1906.
James George, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 23, February Term, 1906.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Gust Nelson did, on the 14th day of December 1905, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Loretta Nelson.

We therefore command you, the said Loretta Nelson, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean on the first Monday of October next to answer the petition or libel of Gust Nelson, and show cause, if any you have, why the said Gust Nelson, your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., Sept. 5, 1906.
J. E. Mullin, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 70, February Term, 1906.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Elizabeth M. Adams did, on the 2nd day of January, 1906, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Orin C. Adams.

We therefore command you, the said Orin C. Adams, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean on the first Monday of October next, to answer the petition or libel of Elizabeth M. Adams and show cause, if any you have, why the said Elizabeth M. Adams, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., Sept 5, 1906.
A. F. Huey, Elmer C. Anderson, Plaintiff's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 124, February Term, 1906

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, James Edward Price did, on the 15th of January 1906, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes there in set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Hattie May Price.

We therefore command you, the said Hattie May Price, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the first Monday of October next to answer the petition or libel of James Edward Price and show cause, if any you have, why the said James Edward Price, your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not

A true copy

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff
Smethport, Pa., September 5, 1906
T. J. Dolphin, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 149, February Term, 1906.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Lena M. McDowell did, on the 24th day of January 1906, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Leon McDowell.

We therefore command you, the said Leon McDowell, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the first Monday of October, 1906, to answer the petition or libel of Lena M. McDowell and show cause, if any you have, why the said Lena M. McDowell, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., Sept. 5, 1906.
S. W. Smith, Attorney for Libellant.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 14, February Term, 1906.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, George E. Smith did, on the 12th of December, 1905, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Margarat E. Smith

We therefore command you, the said Margaret P. Smith that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the first Monday of October, 1906, to answer the petition or libel of George E. Smith and show cause, if any you have, why the said George E. Smith your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., Sept. 5, 1906.
T. F. Mullin, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 125, February Term, 1906,

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Erwin D. Champlin, did on the 15th day of January, 1906, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you Effie C. Champlin.

We therefore command you, the said Effie C. Champlin, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the first Monday of October, 1906, to answer the petition or libel of Erwin D. Champlin and show cause, if any you have, why the said Erwin D. Champlin, your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., Sept. 5, 1906.
Eugene & J. P. Mullin, T. F. Mullin, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 21, February Term, 1906,

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Isabel Courson did, on the 14th day of December, 1905, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Murray T. Courson.

We therefore command you, the said Murray T. Courson, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the first Monday of October, 1906, to answer the petition or libel of Isabel Courson, and show cause, if any you have, why the said Isabel Courson, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., Sept. 5, 1906.
Thos B. Wilson, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 24, February Term, 1906.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Edith May Hewitt did, on the 14th day of December, 1905, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, David L. Hewitt.

We therefore command you, the said David L. Hewitt, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the first Monday of October, 1906, to answer the petition or libel of Edith May Hewitt and show cause, if any you have, why the said Edith May Hewitt, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., Sept. 5, 1906.
Melvin & Melvin, Libellant's Attorney.

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